TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1928 | NUMBER 37

"Snob Sales"

WHEN a book with more beauty, more thought, or more delicacy than is common is bought by the tens or the hundreds of thousands, cynical publishers speak of a "snob sale." The first five thousand readers, they say, read the book with enthusiasm, and talk of it widely, but the fifty thousand that follow buy and read all, or part, because they wish to be thought to like it. They purchase, not a book, but a reputation for cultivated interest.

"Snob sale" is a term that has been heard frequently in recent years. Many books that could be called highbrow or subtle or weighty have crashed the gates of popularity. Psychologies are to be seen upon pullman seats and steamer chairs, "advanced" novels in subways. When Durant's "Story of Philosophy" and Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" pass into their hundreds of thousands, when "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "The Constant Nymph" are popular successes without the aid of any book-choosing organization, and when Robinson's "Tristram," "Dusty Answer," and Maurois's "Disraeli" are excellently received by vast concourses of readers, the question of snobbery in reading becomes at least pertinent.

Consider "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Have the thousands of readers read that delectable narrative because reading it was the thing to do? Naturally. The critics recommended it. Dinner tables talked of it. One felt assured that here was a highly civilized book, charged with culture, written in an English whose excellence had been guaranteed by authority, with characters which seemed to the judicious to be worthy of respectful consideration, and a humor and a pathos neither cheap nor sentimental. And so they bought and read.

❧ ❧ ❧

Yet snobbery seems the wrong term for such a will-to-be-improved. No one talks of a snob sale in automobiles, or bath tubs, or radios, or good education. Yet the flow of desire in an opportunist country is always toward something that will seem better in the eyes of the crowd. If it *is* better, let us be thankful and stop talking of snobbery.

For it is well to remember that the snob sales of a generation ago were of a very different kind of book. The thin and meretricious romances which were best sellers at the turn of the century—"Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," and the rest—were written in a mannered imitation of elegant English and saturated with the ideals of a romantic aristocracy that had little relation to the periods they were supposed to represent and none at all to their own times. Read ten pages of "Mr. Dooley" and an equivalence of "When Knighthood was in Flower" and marvel at the contrast. But these books, outmoded now and known to be fustian and sugar, were, as those past forty must remember, the snob reading of the day. They were literary by comparison with cruder efforts, they were elegant, it was the thing to read them.

Certainly a truer taste and a more admirable curiosity draw readers toward the approved books of our own times. Indeed it is arguable that the increasing public for, let us say, Miss Cather or Mr. Wilder, is proof that a fine book can be popular without being sentimental or sensational; and indeed one might go further, and say that the success of the two books by these authors mentioned above, is evidence that we begin to crave characters in fiction which have more than mere reality to commend them. There is even a hint of delighted discovery that it is not necessary to read of moronic murderers, clever prostitutes, or dull mediocrities psychoanalyzed, in order to be regarded as among the elect of the reading world.

All self-improvement can be called snobbery, if by a snob you mean—as some do—a human trying to be better than his fellows. That is not a true definition of snobbery, and these democratic sales of aristocratic books are not properly to be called snobbish. We live in a society that plays a day-long game of follow the leader, but it is not snobbery to be led toward "San Luis Rey" rather than morbid exhibitionism or snappy stories.

Who is the snob? The reader bettering his interest on advice to read better books, or the mocker who accuses him of mere apishness? Give us the right kind of "snob sales" for a generation more and we shall have a reading public in this country that the world will envy.

Naked Girl

BESIDE BLOSSOMING CHERRY-TREE

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

IT is a gentle wind that stirs
The boughs above her in this blossoming cherry.
Not till the obscure ending of the day
Will this light vanish away from her.

The wise heart looks at this translucence
And marvels in silence,
Knowing nothing, fearing nothing
Except that the apparition vanish.

The Lord of Hosts is gone beyond our laughter;
The Tables and the Law moulder in darkness;
But the heart turns immaculate toward the sunlight,
And the white cherry every Springtime blossoms.

This Week

"The Letters of Queen Victoria."
Reviewed by *Walter S. Hayward.*
Hampden in "Henry V."
By *J. Ranken Towse.*
"The Land," "Requiem," and "Rustic Elegies."
Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*
"Back of War."
Reviewed by *John Bakeless.*
"Winston Churchill."
Reviewed by *J. W. T. Mason.*
Mr. Moon's Notebook.
By *William Rose Benét.*
"The Mythology of All Races."
Reviewed by *B. Malinowski.*
"The Skull of Swift."
Reviewed by *Arthur E. Case.*
"The Land of the Children."
Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*
"The Hotel."
Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*
"Mr. Weston's Good Wine."
Reviewed by *Hamish Miles.*
"Black Valley."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

Next Week

Spring Book Number

Anthony à Wood

(1632-1695)

By LLEWELYN POWYS

THE Oxford antiquary, Anthony à Wood, was a perfect example of his kind, a perfect example of those curious individuals who advance through life with their heads turned backwards. These people cannot abide that any scrap of the material world should go unregarded. They brood retrospectively and ponder over each single bone and shard. Their purpose is to mark, to record, to register, and their work, sneered at by the heedless of their day, is often of the greatest value to posterity.

The autobiography and journal-notes of Anthony à Wood, so admirably assorted by the Rev. Andrew Clark thirty years ago, recreate for us in a most lively manner the life of Oxford as it was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, so rude, so nice, and so extravagant. For what a picture is evoked of the old university town by this limited and tetchy archeologist! How far removed from the city of our imagination, from the city of Arnold and Pater, from the city whose dreaming spires were seen by Jude the Obscure shining bright far away over dreary stubble fields!

Oxford was Oxford with a difference. In these pages we look in vain for that atmosphere of grace that is associated with sweet scholarship. Often Mr. Wood's pages do not make very pleasant or very refined reading, but like all plain-spoken "back-stair talk" they have upon them the stamp of authenticity. If any student of the great century wishes to get a first-hand report, unadorned, unpolished, of the college chit-chat of those days here he may find it.

❧ ❧ ❧

Anthony à Wood had nothing of the lovable personal aplomb of Pepys, nothing of the sober well-bred dignity of Evelyn. He was, however, *a character*, a splenetic character who went about his "father's business" with concentrated intention. It may well be that the narrowness of his mind, his signal lack of imagination, his signal lack of literary artifice, actually adds to the value of the miscellaneous and indiscrete jottings he left behind him. They represent blunt, unaffected annotations upon events, and there are few figures of that age the details of whose daily life are more intimately revealed.

He was born on December 17th at about four o'clock in the morning in an ancient stone house "opposite the forefront of Merton College" and he died in the same house on November 29th, 1695. One of his earliest memories was seeing King Charles I with his Queen ride down the High into the great quadrangle of Christ Church. His next adventure was to be knocked over and kicked on the head by a carrier's horse that was being taken to water. This untoward event left him, so he tells us, with "a slowness in apprehending with Quickness things," but it evidently did not deprive him of his love of strict history, for he is careful to put on record that the name of the horse was "Mutton," and that it belonged to Thomas Edgerley, the university carrier. His education was sadly disrupted by the civil war. Alarums and excursions distracted the academic life of Oxford. Undergraduates became "besotted with the training and activities." His own brother "left his Gowne at the Town's end, ran to Edghill, and did his Magestie good service."

Anthony Wood entered Merton College at the age of nineteen and after several years took his degree. When his father, Thomas Wood, died "to the very great Grief and Reluctancy of his wife

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and children," Anthony was left, under his will, with an independent income. He now began to interest himself in music. He played the violin, but especially did he take a "ravishing delight" in the sound of church bells, "the music nighest bordering upon heaven." He records hearing the eight "statelie bells" of Merton College ring out one summer "at his approach to Oxon, in the evening, after he had taken his Rambles all the Day about the country to collect Monuments." For, already, as a very young man his passion for ancient buildings and for the ancient times was showing itself. He was allowed free access to the Bodleian Library "which he took to be the happiness of his life . . . and into which he never entered without great Veneration." Dr. John Wallis, the keeper of the university registers, allowed him the key of the room where these were kept "to the end that he might advance his esurient Genie in Antiquities." Except for certain excursions to London and Bath, and places in the immediate locality, he remained at Oxford all his life immersed in his "vertuous studies."

❧ ❧ ❧

That he was extremely peevish and an eccentric cannot be denied. He quarrelled with the great Doctor Fell, dean of Christ Church, who helped him to get his "Antiquities of Oxford" published; he detested his sister-in-law, his brother Robert's wife; and he made himself a parlous nuisance to the Warden and Fellows of Merton, and to innumerable other University dignitaries. He could not bear to see how college men pushed for preferment at the time of the Restoration and we may well believe that his curious cantankerous presence must have been extremely disturbing to an ambitious gownsman of those days. "Nothing became more ridiculous to a wary observer than to see these widgeons over do a thing and that uncouthly too, without the least suspicion that any person took notice of them." Anthony à Wood took notice of all. He missed nothing.

Just as naturally as a cuttlefish ejects poisonous ink so did Mr. Wood eject spite, and towards the end of his life his malice fairly "got upon the nerves" of the Doctors in their "scarlett formalities." Of John Haselwood, Fellow of Merton, he says, "a proud, starch'd formal and sycophantizing clister pipe who was the apothecary to Clayton when he practiced physick." Of the wife of Sir Thomas Clayton (the Warden of Merton) he records, "she put the College to unnecessary charges, and very frivolous expences, among which were a very large looking-glass, for her to see her ugly face, and body to the middle, and perhaps lower, which was bought in Hillary terme 1670 and cost, as the bursar told me, about £10." Often even on paper he cannot contain his venom. It seems to spit at us out of the pages. "Mr. Roger Brent and I played at cards he fell out with me, called me all to nought and struck me. He looked like a rogue, like a whoring rascall, like a whoring rogue." Indeed, his malignant misanthropy flies out in an ever widening circumference. "Sir Henry Benet, sometimes of Christ Church, was created 'Lord Arlington of Arlington' and the reason why he would not be called 'Lord Benet' was, as 'tis said, because the name did not sound well, and 2nd because there was an old bawd at Westminster called Lady Benet (a baker's widow)."

❧ ❧ ❧

Anthony à Wood's real name was plain Anthony Wood. It was an arbitrary whim of his to add the à. He preferred that his name should go down to posterity with this distinguishing letter attached to it and with this purpose in view he destroyed his original book-plate, and went through all his papers, crossing out, blotting out, and pasting over. For a considerable time after the death of his father he lived as a kind of boarder of his brother Robert and his wife in the family home taking his meals downstairs. However, on June 26th, 1669, we read this entry, "was dismist from his usual and constant diet by the rudeness and barbarity of a brutish woman. . . . It made him (Anthony) exceeding melancholy and more retir'd, was also at great charge in taking physick and slops, to drive noises out of his ears." From that date he retired to his two rooms in the attic. He had a chimney built and, as the isolation incident to his deafness grew, he lived more and more to himself. There he would stay working surrounded by his papers, his notes, and his letters. He seldom allowed his friends to enter his study. For example, Doctor Arthur Charlett, the Master of University College, never got himself inside the room till its occupant was on his death bed and even then he noted that his intrusion caused the recluse to fall "into a Fit of Trembling and disorder of mind, as great as possible." We are given the names of certain privileged bedmakers, that is all. "July 4th, 1679, Goodwife Freeman began to serve me upon Mary's breaking her arm (Shee served me 5 days at Midsomer when Mary made hay)." There he remained undisturbed with his "blew shagg gowne" in his wardrobe, with his "stack-faggots" at the bottom of his cupboard, refreshing himself now with "a pye from Blackman's," now with "pruans to stew," or "cherrys and whay." and paying Jone, on occasions, "for mending my clothes 6d." It mattered not whether the air was relaxed "and the wayes slabby" out he would go each afternoon either to visit the booksellers (in order to pick up the ballads, broadsheets, and almanacks he liked so well) or to loiter on Magdalene Bridge, or to walk as far as the hazel nut copse at the bottom of Shotover Hill. After supper he would again be abroad, either going into some "bye alehouse in towne, or else to one in some village neare, and there by himself take his pipe and pot."

❧ ❧ ❧

And so the long years passed by. He remarks upon the peculiarities of each season. One winter it was so cold that his ink froze, though it was placed near unto his new chimney. It was so slippery out of doors that the old women tied rags about their feet for fear of falling. A famous huckster of fruit, "old mother Slye," died, and himself, snug and safe in his attic, is at pains to give an immortality to the rude and simple epitaph made on her by "the witty and waggish cook of St. Alban's Hall."

> Death came by
> And struck mother Slye
> A deep and deadly blow:
> He took her o' the eare
> With a great orange peare
> And kil'd her in the midst of the snow."

Another year was so mild that "spring flowers were sold in Oxon marcet as early as February 20th"; the summer so hot that "the poultry in Abingdon market died with the heat," while a certain July turned so cold that "the King's foul at St. James could go over the river upon ice."

It becomes abundantly clear from reading his pages that these old world university divines were strangely uninhibited. Small wonder that the great Robert Burton found his own home pasture provided with sufficient scurvy-grass. We are told that when Dr. John Wall, D.D. and Canon of Christ Church, lay dying Dr. Richard Gardiner offered his services to pray with him. Dr. John Wall had suffered much bantering from Dr. Gardiner at the high table and not unnaturally he refused to have his last hours disturbed by the presence of the academic bully. When this rebuff was communicated to "old Gardiner" he railed at the dying man and shouting out that he was nothing but "a mudde wall, a tottered wall, a torn wall, nay! a towne wall" he broke his windows "with his staff."

❧ ❧ ❧

Mortality! nothing absorbed Anthony à Wood's attention as much. From his garret he would hear the various great bells of Oxford "ring out" to toll the departure of this or that celebrated figure. Henry Marten, he writes, died suddenly "with meat in his mouth"; also Thomas Trappan who "sewed on the old King's head when he was beheaded and always said "he had sewn on the goose's head." If a vault was to be opened Anthony à Wood was there studying in the charnel house shadows, candle in hand, to give a name to dry bones. "I think they are the bones of Dr. Henry de Abendon . . . a hart inclosed in lead . . . perhaps Dr. Fitsjame's hart."

He visits Godstow nunnery and in St. Leonard's chapel was shown by "one Jeffryes" the place where the dust of fair Rosamund lay. The story of this young girl, poisoned by the jealousy of the proud Queen, was exactly calculated to arouse the interest of the old bachelor and he collects copious notes about it. He is as much concerned with the fate of her body in death as in life. Henry II kept her at Woodstock in a chamber "of wonder craft, slyly made by Da-dalus work. . . . Rosamund was wont to say that though shee was a concubine yet she should be saved." After her death the passionate Plantagenett demanded to see her body in the grave "and when the grave was opened, there sate an orible tode upon her breste by-twene hir teetys, and a foule adder begirt hir body about the midle. And she stanke so that the king, ne none other might stand to see the oryble sight. Then the King dyde shette agen the grave and did wryte these two verses upon the grave:— "Here lyethe in grave Rose of the world, but not clene Rose. Shee smelled no sweete but stynketh full foule that sum tyme smelleth full sweete." After this the tender nuns placed the maid's coffin covered with silk and with burning tapers upon it near their altar, but Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, visiting Bedstow and entering the chapel "to do his devotions," enquired whose it was, and they answering, "it was faire Rosamunde whom King Henry so dearly loved" he replied, "Take her hence, for she was a whore, for the King's affections to her were unlawful and adulterous; and bury her out of the church with other common people." At length her sweet flesh being quite perished "those chaste sisters put all her bones in a perfumed leather bagge, which bagge they enclosed in lead and layd there again (with her stone coffin) in the church." Anthony à Wood remembered that the coffin was taken up in John Leland's time a hundred years before his own visit and when it was opened "there was a very sweet smell came out of it."

"Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man." Wood had the greatest reverence for the remains of mortal man, for that other strange life that our bones enter upon when the living ghost that animated them has vanished and dissolved. On April 2nd, 1669, we read "my father's bones were removed to my mothers grave by old Robin Church." Small wonder this man with his "inclinations towards venerable antiquity" felt himself out of touch with the frivolity that possessed Oxford, that possessed the shires of England at the time of Charles II. "Temperate, abstemious and plaine and grave in the apparell" he despised the riotous vulgar monarchy men almost as much as the "Fanaticks" who were "so brisk in Oxford." "Divers things are desired by most sober men to be reformed . . . disrespect to seniors, sawcineness. . . An age given over to all vice—whores and harlotts, pimps and panders, bauds and buffoones, lechery and treachery, atheists and papists, rogues and rascalls, reason and treason, playmakers and stage-players, officers debauched and corrupters (proctor Thomas infected with the pox while proctor) . . ." The interest he felt in older times caused him to fall under the suspicion of being a papist. The same fate had overtaken John Stowe in the days of Elizabeth "A man that is studious and reserved is popishly affected." His royalist sympathies, however, did not require that he should be taken in by the fine manners of the courtiers who were in the train of the King when he resided at Oxford. Hark! how the old curmudgeon hits them off! "The greater sort of the courtiers were high, proud, insolent, and looked upon scolars noe more than pedants and pedagogicall persons. . . To give a further cha-ra-cter of the court, they, though they were neat and gay in their apparell, yet they were very nasty, and beastly, leaving at their departure their excrements in every corner, in chimneys, studies, cole houses, cellars. Rude, rough, whore mongers; vaine, empty, carelesse!"

❧ ❧ ❧

As the years passed little improvement was found in his temper. More and more he became like a spiteful spider in a cobwebbed cockleloft. And Oxford reciprocated the enmity of this man who "pretended to be deaf more than he was." His "Athenæ Oxonienses" received savage criticism and some pages of it were even publicly burnt. Wood became more and more unpopular. He suffered endless insults. As he was crossing Magdalene bridge a man, Barksdale, "came out of the hole between it and the new herb-house" and followed him muttering, "I was feigne to hold up my cudgell at him." He was also abused in the public street by Mr. Davies who was riding on horseback and "looked red and jolly as if he had been at a fish dinner at C.C.C. and afterwards drinking, as he had been." Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity, criticized the spelling in the book "like a poore spirit and snivling fellow, he fell foul upon me." William Richards, Arch-deacon of Berkshire, when he was asked to subscribe to it, answered "He would rather subscribe to have it burnt"; Wood observes "words as ugly as his face."

At the age of sixty-three he was overtaken by a "total suppression of urine." The illness began in November, 1695, a few days after the University had entertained King William and Queen Mary, and the proper old chronicler had been annoyed at seeing "some rabble and townsmen" who had got in by the connivance of the men at the doors of the hall "rudely scamble away all the banquet and sw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meats, all sorts of souse fish (lobster, crayfish), fruit etc. . . . in the face of the whole University."

With his indisposition heavy upon him he went out as usual and meeting Mr. Robert South, an Oxford Don of his acquaintance, he confided to him his trouble. "Anthony à Wood if thou canst not make water thou hadst better make earth" was all the comfort he got. After more than a week closeted in his rooms he still apprehended no danger, but was "very froward." His relations, thereupon (perhaps his two young nieces who were to inherit his property), begged Dr. Arthur Charlett to come and explain the situation to him. This hearty friend lost no time in being "plain with him" and under his reasoning, that fell only too pat, Wood was persuaded to make a will and put his papers in order, those papers of such inestimable value "to any of his own temper." "Two bushells-full he ordered for ye fire . . . expressing both his knowledge and approbation of what was done by throwing out his Hands." Absolutely convinced at last as to the correctness of Dr. Charlett's prognostication the old man would not be satisfied until he had superintended in person the digging of his own grave in the exact spot he wished his bones to lie "in Merton College Church, deeper than ordinary, under, and as close to the wall (just as you enter in at the north on the left hand) as the place will permit."

It can hardly be doubted that the contemporary rhyme made while he yet lived will receive fulfilment:

Merton Wood, with his Antiquitie
Will live to all Eternitie.

"Sunset and Evening Star"

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Second Series (Third Volume). Edited by GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $9.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

FOR the time being, at least, the publication of Queen Victoria's correspondence comes to an end with the issuance of this third volume in the Second Series—the fifth volume in all. The six eventful years from 1879 to 1885 are covered. Disraeli makes his last appearance, yielding the stage to his bitter rival Gladstone, who, in turn, gives way to the new Conservative leader, Salisbury. At this point, the editor draws the curtain, as Rosebery and Balfour, now eldest of statesmen, are about to make official entrance.

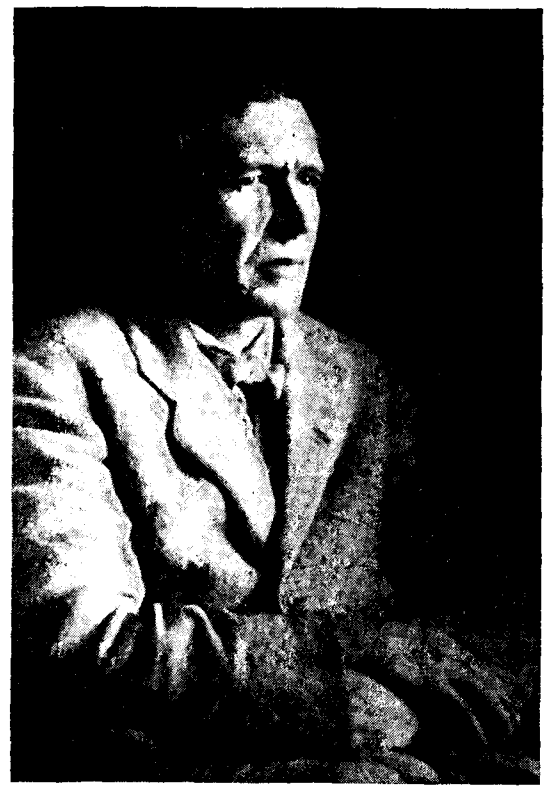
One is impressed by the imminence of death in all this correspondence. Those from whom the Queen received her political tutelage as a constitutional monarch—men like Melbourne, Peel, and the Duke himself—have all gone. She feels that she is fallen upon evil times. The tides of Democracy are relentlessly breaking down the barriers which had been built against it. In 1884, for the third time in the century, the franchise is extended. In a letter to Gladstone she refers with regret to 1841 when she remembers he first kissed hands as a minor member of Sir Robert Peel's cabinet. She feels most the death of Lord Beaconsfield, whom she esteemed one of her "best, most devoted, and kindest of friends, as well as wisest of counsellors. . . In or out of office she could turn to dear Lord Beaconsfield for advice and help." She misses the familiar "Madam and Beloved Sovereign" on his letters to her, so different from the chill respect of the Gladstonian communications. Perhaps she misses even more the feeling of counting for something in the government, which he had always contrived to give her. In acceding to his wishes, she had felt she was carrying out her own, so successful was his flattering personal solicitude as contrasted with Gladstone's method of treating her as a "public meeting."

One by one, the Queen's old friends and familiars are beginning to go. Dean Stanley of Westminster died but a few months after Beaconsfield, and with him "how many of the traditions of the past are gone," she writes in her journal. Only a year later died Dean Wellesley of Windsor, whom she describes as "the last of her old friends who were connected and bound up with the happy past and with all the joys and sorrows of her family." One senses that the breath of life is not particularly sweet in her nostrils. She was, as Tennyson, himself now an old man, told her, "so alone on that terrible height."

She loses, however, none of her interest in public affairs, and none of her insistence on what she regards as her constitutional rights as sovereign. These are stirring years for the Empire, and the Empress-Queen is one of the staunchest imperialists in her domains. She wants all her ministers to be "right" on foreign policy, and "right" for Victoria means the "forward" policy. The army must be kept up; preparedness is the only possible plan; the prestige of the Empire must be maintained at all costs. No one rejoices more than she to hear afar

The measured roll of British drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

No one is more insistent that Arabi Pasha be punished for his Egyptian revolt. She will have no peace with the Boers until Majuba Hill has been avenged. She must bid "God speed" in person to her soldiers leaving for overseas service. She is actually ill at the news of the fate of Chinese Gordon at Khartoum. "Mr. Gladstone and the government have—the Queen feels it dreadfully—Gordon's innocent, noble, heroic blood on their consciences. May they feel it, and may they be made to do so." She wants to know why they cling to office when so discredited at home and abroad. When Gladstone finally resigns as a result of the catastrophe in the Soudan, she rejoices almost openly.



LLEWELYN POWYS

During these years Ireland is much on her mind. For her, Land League and Fenian outrages culminate on that spring day in Phoenix Park at Dublin where the talented and well-liked Lord Frederick Cavendish, on the eve of taking up his duties as Chief Secretary for Ireland, is stabbed to death. The Queen felt very strongly that a policy of weakness towards Ireland was a policy of disaster. She is always urging Gladstone to greater firmness, and rarely with any result. She encourages, and she warns, and if she is not always consulted, it is not from lack of energy on her part.

This last volume is uniform in appearance with its predecessors. Nine photogravures are reproduced, including the Queen (by Von Angeli), Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and Salisbury. The editing is excellent, and the typographical work almost perfect. As a source for the period, this series is invaluable; yet of exceptional interest also. The events discussed are not yet in the limbo of forgotten things, and for some, at least, there will be many a name and place mentioned which will strike the chords of memory.

Instructions left by Thomas Hardy to his literary executors (who were given full authority to deal with his writings) included a request that they would (if this had not already been done) cause to be published at a reasonable price an edition of his complete poetical works, so that they should be within the reach of poorer readers. He recommended them to present one of his MSS. to the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

He left £200 to the literary executor (other than his wife) who shall act in that capacity, and if such work should extend for more than three years, then for the presentation to friends of books, of which royalties on his book sales. Directions are given for the presentation of friends of books, of which he had made a list.

Hampden in "Henry V"

SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V." Produced by Walter Hampden at Hampden's Theatre, New York, 1928.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

MOST of the comments in the daily press upon Walter Hampden's production of "Henry V," although not altogether unkindly or unjust, betray a lamentable lack of appreciation of the absolute values and intrinsic merits of a representation, almost phenomenal in contrast with the prevalent jazz, clap-trap, sensational absurdities, and elaborated nastiness of the contemporary theatre. The writers confine themselves mainly to a re-enumeration of those patent and undeniable constructive defects which this piece has in common with many of the other chronicle plays, while practically ignoring the ingenuity with which some of those obstacles have been surmounted or avoided. "Henry V," of course, is not one of the Shakespearean masterpieces. It is not even entitled to a very high place among the chronicles. But notwithstanding its manifest defects from the ordinary theatrical point of view—its episodical nature, want of plot, rapid and sustained dramatic action, and any exceptional humorous or emotional appeal—it nevertheless reveals, in many passages of its dialogue, especially in its vivid and vigorous human portraiture of the King and the varied and vital sketches of subordinate personages, rich evidence of the incomparable genius of its creator. That it is one of his minor achievements may be granted very readily; but it has distinctive merits—apart from its histrionic opportunities—which certainly warrant its retention in the repertory of any theatre pretending to exercise its legitimate artistic functions.

In the not distant past, before Shakespearean acting was permitted to become a lost art, the piece was not found unprofitable even by the commercial theatre. It was only when scenery was asked to do the work of non-existent actors that not only this, but much greater Shakespearean dramas vanished from the stage. Hampden, the finest actor and most enlightened manager in America, is now trying, let up hope successfully, to restore them and redeem a debauched and debilitated public taste. And in organizing a competent stock company he is going to work in the right way. Already he has established a home, and an audience, for the best drama efficiently presented. He is now giving the most satisfactory performance of "Henry V" that has been seen in this city during the last half century.

Within that period there have been three revivals of the play in New York, all popular as gorgeous spectacles. In all three the text was treated as a matter of secondary moment. Briefly, the effort was expended in the attempt to present realistically the scenes which Shakespeare decreed must be left entirely to the imagination. Dramatically considered, the production in which George Rignold figures was, perhaps, the best. He himself was in no way remarkable as an actor, but as the King he was a splendidly virile figure before whom the women fell down and worshipped. He had neither dignity, nor eloquence—but he was fortunate in his support, notably in his Pistol, Fluellen, Macmorris, Williams, and Princess Katherine and, above all, in the magnificence of Mrs. Calvert, whose superb declamation was the artistic triumph of the performance. The irony in her speeches was, of course, totally imperceptible to the management. Richard Mansfield's "Henry V" was also a fine show, a feast for the eye but little else. He was a man of far superior culture and intelligence to Rignold, but by temperament and habit he was sadly unfitted for the part of the King. The English actor, Lewis Waller, who was graceful and animated in action and had fine spirit and diction, furnished a much more striking embodiment, but his production, also, was pictorial rather than dramatic.

Hampden's production is artistically superior to one and all of those mentioned for the simple reason that it is at once more generally effective and much more in accordance with the form and spirit of the clear design of Shakespeare. Like all his predecessors, he has taken many liberties with the text, by clipping it judiciously and transposing occasional scenes. But all these changes, are, in the circumstances, completely justifiable. By means of them and the ingenious reduction of scenic accessories to a respectable minimum—in itself sufficiently suggestive and picturesque—he has succeeded in providing a representation that is as smooth, rapid, continuous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and intelligible as if it had been given under the Elizabethan conditions for which it was originally devised. All, or nearly all, illustrative spectacle, as Shakespeare was careful to explain, is left for the imagination of the spectator to supply. The play is made to speak for itself and attention, perforce, is concentrated, as it always ought to be in literary drama, upon the text. And this, upon the whole, is interpreted with a naturalness, vicacity, and uncommon general competence that inspires great confidence in the future of Walter Hampden's direction. He has already brought his company to a rare degree of coöperative efficiency, which is exhibited throughout in this latest effort, notable for its level excellence.

As the King he is naturally, and indeed inevitably, the dominant figure. It is a character for which he is admirably suited by his personality and he plays it with an easy, simple, unaffected dignity, an air of habitual but unstressed authority, which is essentially princely but always natural, kindly, and human. He aims at no demonstration of the theatrically heroic. He is handsome, manly, resolute, gallant, mildly humorous, and impressively devotional in the critical moments before Agincourt. Of the wild prince he shows no trace, having Shakespeare responsible for the somewhat miraculous transformation. His is a thoroughly thoughtful, consistent, and individual conception, keenly intelligent and owing little to tradition, which will please all true connoisseurs and ought to meet with the popular approval which it undoubtedly deserves.

Incandescent Poetry

THE LAND. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $1.50.
REQUIEM. By HUMBERT WOLFE. The same. $1.50.
RUSTIC ELEGIES. By EDITH SITWELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE three poets whose volumes are the subject of this notice are all persons of distinction of mind, and they cannot be grouped in the convenient cubby-holes of schools and tendencies dear to the critical column-filler. Each one of them has a different order of experience to express, a different region of the soul to penetrate.

Miss Sackville-West's "The Land" is an odd work from all standpoints. Virgil is never out of her mind, but the oddness arises because we feel, too, in her that impulse that nearly two centuries ago drove James Thomson, long in populous city pent, to express a stiff enthusiasm for that art which lies at the bottom of all human achievement. Briefly Miss Sackville-West takes her reader round the year in rural England painting with an exactness that spares nothing the life and manifold activity of an English farmer. That struggle with a refractory soil and a niggard climate was never more elaborately described. Jesus, the son of Sirach, doubtless overlooked the possibility that a lady might expatiate on such subjects, when he asked the awkward question: "How can he be wise whose talk is of bullocks?" Miss Sackville-West has found a spiritual wisdom in these matters. Often her verse is languid, but her poem in its entirety is not. Some passion not to be isolated animates the whole. The stuff looks like pitchblende, but there is radium in it. And the divine energy has given a mystical property to unpromising materials. "The Land" is a powerful performance full of deep feeling.

Mr. Wolfe's "Requiem" is so different from Miss Sackville-West's poem that only a desperate critic would attempt a transition between them. Mr. Wolfe, in the first place, is a wit and a metrical virtuoso, and he suffers from this. His more powerful and his less effective pieces are performed with the same mastery. And it is real, not trick, mastery, though with the cynicism to which wits are subject, he resorts at times to trickery. He has attempted in this book to define success and failure of personality. It is a requiem for losers and winners. He goes over his subject with the artificial inclusiveness of a scholastic philosopher, and at times you think sadly of detestable volumes with numbered sections and paragraphs. Nevertheless the book burns with exquisite phrases and lyrical passages that must capture any nature with enough sympathy in it to be called a nature at all. To borrow a figure, his philosophy is merely a bench on which he displays the gorgeous robes he carries in his coffers.

Miss Sitwell provides us as usual with the unexpected. Only certain people can altogether sympathize with her eccentricities. I strongly suspect that she does not herself. But "Rustic Elegies" is a remarkable and revealing book and full of music sometimes mad and sometimes sad. Its title is perfectly appropriate. It is a fantastic study in the emotions derived from rural elegance forgotten, and the amenities of a lost Paradise. In a very real and deep sense it deals with the country. The same relation exists between Miss Sackville-West and Miss Sitwell as between a barefooted girl splashed with the must of the wine-press, and an Italian Lady hooded and masked for the carnival, waiting under a cypress tree beneath an enigmatic moon. Hooded and masked Miss Sitwell is. She is a shrouded fantastic figure whose attitudes are at one moment grotesque, at another ridiculous, and at still a third poignant and beautiful past expression. If ever a book illustrated the phrase *réculer pour mieux sauter* this does. In two-thirds of it perhaps she is recoiling and withdrawing, one hardly guesses from what, to the very verges of insanity. She hides herself and her meaning and her feeling in the elaborate robes that are her delight. Then in the twinkling of an eye everything bizarre and eccentric and *posaic* is "stripped away with a passionate gesture," and piercing and individual beauty is before us. Lewis Carroll might have poached from some of her pages, but Donne and Crashawe would have looked with respect at others.

The criticism of poetry is always ticklish, and nowhere is it done worse than in this country, where, as Mr. Benét and a hundred others have shown, a passion for cataloging has emasculated thought and violated feeling. These three books are full of the light of far-off spiritual conflagrations. It would be silly to fit them to some pot-house programme of new or still newer poetry. Time may stifle their fires. But what of it? Here was a burning.

The Why of War

BACK OF WAR. By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

THE forces that lie "Back of War" form the subject matter of Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton's new book. Although it offers little that is new and nothing that is of arresting importance, it is nevertheless a competent, judicial, and highly intelligent appraisal of the more important forces that control the moving pawns of the diplomatic chess board.

A little cynicism is a good thing in the study of international relations, however, and Mr. Norton's lack of it is one of the two chief counts against him. The other is the annoying way in which, at the end, after a careful and competent survey of the chief causes which produce modern wars, he allows his book to fizzle out into a summary of unrelated events in half the countries of the world, so that it fails to come to a final focus. No single definite conclusion —except, perhaps, the obvious one that war is possible and undesirable—emerges; no tangible point of view is apparent; and one lays down the book that began so promisingly with a sense of disappointment. "Back of War" might have been such a good book—instead of which it becomes a useful compilation of incompletely related fact and theory.

When that is said, however, the worst is said. If there is nothing very new, at least there is a great deal that is true; and in spite of the contemporary rage for "originality" and novelty, it is still better to be right than to be startling. If nothing new has been contributed to the old, old problems of war and peace, at least the reader has passed in review the chief causes of modern war—though without discovering *the* cause—and has enjoyed a convenient summary of recent international relations. There are few readers who will not be the better for familiarity with both.

Mr. Norton does not adequately emphasize the curious paradox presented by the fact that war persists as a universal institution. This paradox, to my mind, lies very close to the root of the whole matter. Here is a destructive behavior pattern which has existed since the beginning of our racial history and which persists in the modern world in spite of unanimous agreement that it is wasteful, evil, and that if it is not soon abandoned it may even involve the destruction not merely of civilization, but of the race. Yet, having agreed that we are doubtless encompassing our own destruction, we all go blithely on heaping up armaments; and our diplomats, in their interminable conferences, invariably fail to reach any but temporary and admittedly inadequate solutions.

Surely such a contradiction points clearly to the existence of powerful forces, inciting to hostility, which have so far eluded our control, and motives for warfare lying far deeper than the obvious ones usually avowed when nations declare war.

These are the forces which we must discover and eliminate if the war problem is ever to be settled, as it must be settled if civilization is to continue; and these forces are, I believe, primarily—though not exclusively—economic. Mr. Norton has not, however, felt justified in reducing war causes to a single formula. He refers, at least, to "multitudinous causes of international conflict," in which he includes some lingering primitive motives for combat as well as economic, political, social, and psychological forces.

It is difficult for a reviewer, with any degree of dignity, to bestride his own particular hobby in public. But at the risk of assuming for a moment that ungraceful attitude, I suggest to Mr. Norton that if he will analyze the causes of the wars of the last fifty years, he will invariably find economic forces at work, and he will usually find them dominant.

It is a familiar commonplace that war, under modern conditions, attacks first the fine flower of the race and the fine flower of the racial achievement. And as—another commonplace, which is, nevertheless, worth remembering—in the next war air raids will carry home to the sensitive metropolitan centres of our civilization the horror and destruction which has hitherto been pretty well concentrated on the battlefield, it is no exaggeration to say that we may lose our whole heritage of art, architecture, and culture, as well as some millions of lives.

If, by the fiendish (but militarily effective) system of striking at the centres of civilization, we carry the process of disruption far enough, we can quite easily make it impossible to build our culture up again after the next war, by breaking down the economic organization that lies behind it. Once that is shattered, our iron machinery will rust away, our steel-and-concrete buildings crumble, and the great libraries that house the garnered wisdom of forty centuries will vanish with them.

Ours is, in no metaphorical sense, a paper civilization. Our literature, music, science, and philosophy, plus a fair proportion of our art, are recorded on paper, which endures only so long as it is protected from the weather. Let our complex civilization once fall into a thorough-going confusion and we shall see the permanent destruction of all we have achieved, and—as our museums fall to pieces—of most of what preceding civilizations have handed on to us. That is the real danger that war on the modern scale involves—not the temporary waste, the difficulties of reconstruction, or even the lives of a few million men, women and children.

I suspect, however, that in his honest desire to be upright in avoiding sensationalism, Mr. Norton leans too far backward. The fact that these things are "scientifically possible" is in itself disconcerting enough—mankind has not hitherto been slow in grasping all the means of destruction that science provides. And no one—not even a veteran and talented student of world politics like Mr. Norton —can say definitely what is and what is not "politically probable" a few years hence. It was certainly not "politically probable" in 1913 that the United States would five years later raise an army of four million and ferry half of it to Europe; but the thing happened. The disasters which Mr. Norton deprecates certainly do not seem very probable today; but they may be happening to-morrow.

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No 37.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Challenging Personality

WINSTON CHURCHILL. By "EPHESIAN." New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

Author of "Creative Freedom"

THE Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M. P. is the most conspicuous living example of the way life progresses despite its failures. No other man has been tripped by his own impetuosity as persistently as Mr. Churchill and no other occupant of high political office has his capacity for starting life all over again year by year. The anonymous author of this eulogy of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer (his title as this review is written; it may change to Premier or vanish completely by the time the review appears in print) recalls that Mark Twain, introducing Mr. Churchill to an American lecture audience, said:

"By his father he is an Englishman, by his mother an American. Behold the perfect man!"

A Nordic verdict. Yet, in a way Mr. Churchill may be called the perfect man, in terms of action. He is never at rest and his activity covers a wider field even than that of the late Theodore Roosevelt who had to make his own circle a domestic one, politically. Mr. Churchill is fortunate in having the wider circle of British imperial interests for his performances and the world war as well.

Before he was twenty-five Mr. Churchill had started for South Africa as a war correspondent, during the Boer War, and "Ephesian" records that "this is his fifth campaign, and it is claimed for him that he shares with Napoleon the distinction of being the only soldier who has waged war on three Continents."

Four Continents, really; for at home, during his school days Mr. Churchill was frequently at war with masters or fellow students. He went further than Napoleon in another respect also. He showed his personal courage at school by volunteering to place an apple on his head for a swordsman to cut in two—a characteristic feat which he survived to repeat in different ways during the rest of his life. He has always been putting apples on his head for swords of Damocles to cut and his head is still on his shoulders.

Having started life as a Conservative, he changed to a Liberal, then evolved into an independent Constitutionalist and later returned to the Conservative fold (where he was as these lines were put on paper). In 1906, Sir Edward Gray proposing the the health of Churchill, then aged thirty-two, said he had "achieved distinction in at least five different careers—as a soldier, a war correspondent, a lecturer, an author, and last but not least, a politician."

Since then, Mr. Churchill has achieved further distinction as the holder of most of the important posts in the British cabinet, except (at this writing) the Premiership. When the World War broke out he was First Lord of the Admiralty, having been previously President of the Board of Trade and Home Secretary. In succession, during the war and afterward, he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War, Head of the Air Ministry, Colonial Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yet, nowhere is it possible to write that he was a great creative force. During the war he was forced out of the government because of his failures at Antwerp and Gallipoli. He turned then from his ministerships to soldiering as a major in the trenches, until that palled and he returned to Westminster offering his head for other apples, and having his offer accepted.

He is a brilliant speaker, quick to take the dialectic offensive with clever sentences. In a tariff reform debate with Mr. Wyndham, as "Ephesian" relates, Mr. Churchill spoke of his opponent as "standing no nonsense from facts." But such thrusts do not explain his fame. It is Mr. Churchill's genius, perhaps, that he, himself, "stands no nonsense from failures." He is ever trying again. Mr. Churchill is credited by his biographer with being responsible for the fact that the British fleet was instantly ready at the outbreak of the war and with forcing the use of tanks upon reluctant *confrères*. Let it be so; his success is not in such accomplishments as these. It is in his refusal to stay down. Persistence, perseverance, defiance of fate will ever fascinate mankind and will carry rewards not based so much on accomplished results as on the spirit of ever keeping at it. "Ephesian" shows his readers Mr. Churchill's career in these terms.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

March 27: *Horses, Horses, Horses!*

A LETTER from my son, away at school in the West, informs me that he is going to learn the English saddle. He has been riding for some time now, and, presumably, always "riding Western." I am informed that my youngest daughter is also learning to ride. All of which starts me thinking about horses. They are rare enough in this city; and I seldom get up to Central Park to view the people posting along the bridle-paths. Almost the only horses I see nowadays are the intermittent few that seem to spend their time patiently hanging their heads at the curb, apparently anæsthetized by the reek of the passing torrent of motors. And such horses, for the most part, hide themselves away on the side-streets—or park near the Plaza attached to ancient purple-cushioned barouches. A horse on Fifth Avenue, in the flood of traffic, is almost as rare a sight as a quagga or Burchell's zebra.

Horses seem beaten and baffled creatures in the city. They are now almost entirely at the mercy of teamsters. Gone long since the rolling landaus with their spick and span and spanking teams. But recently a young lady of my acquaintance, late for a dinner engagement, informed me that she had been delayed by feeding apples to a curbstone horse, whose name I forget. Was it Agnes? In any event, it was despondent. It had, as the lady put it, "feathers on its feet." It was the large, heavy draft-horse type. The lady of whom I speak is, on the other hand, quite small. Therefore it is pleasant to think of her comforting a huge dejected animal with apples, and of such a perfectly beautiful friendship ripening "midstream the city's roar." For the characteristic purveyor of charity used to be the little girl at the snow-silled casement, scattering breadcrumbs to robin redbreast,—though ancient city horses need their apples just as much! Not that I suggest that when a horse walks down your cross-street, there should be a bombardment of apples from all the office windows!

Horses' questing, snuffling noses are velvety and pathetic. Their eyes are usually beautiful. As for their patience—my God, it is terrible! The world has never deserved the patience of its domestic animals. I am no horseman, and yet somehow horses have constantly ambled into much of the poetry I have essayed to write. I used to ride, once upon a time, in California. Perhaps that is why. In those days there were whole summers of riding. One's mount was not lordly. I rode some old Army horse or other, in a heavy McClellan saddle with hooded stirrups. I am a bad horseman, and the best mount I had was really a carriage horse. But he was a slim, temperamental fellow, nervous and frequently scared by something in the road. And when he was scared he could certainly "lay himself down to go." One gets extremely fond of them when they are as nervous as all that.

* * *

I myself was quite scared when I first got aboard a horse. My friends tried to hide their laughter, and succeeded badly. It seemed to me that I was thirty feet up in the air at the mercy of the elements. The horse was a good old sturdy sorrel, and rightly named "Bumper." The first time he trotted with me my every vertebra was jarred loose. Afterward there were the meals one ate off the mantelpiece. Then I learned that horses could singlefoot, canter like a rocking-chair, and, finally, that they could run—this last always with visions of them stumbling precipitately to project the rider forward on a lonely and unfortunate flight. Well, the only thing to do is to sit as tight as you can and forget about that—as I had to do the first time I ever went up in an airplane.

They don't stumble so often. And nothing in the world, in my fond recollection, surpasses the sensation of sitting a horse at a dead run. Even so mediocre a rider as myself, if riding day after day, soon becomes to a certain extent "one with his horse." You get to know the horse's temperament. You get to talk to them, if you're riding alone, in a casual sort of way that they seem to like. They begin to cock an ear back at you and telegraph their own point of view concerning something in the road ahead. They're very nice people, most of them. And the tame ones are fairly helpless when you come right down to it.

One horse—or rather, old black mare—I never liked; and she never liked me. I had to ride her sometimes when there was nothing better to ride. She was really too old for roads and hills; and she was grouchy. She acted just the same way when she was harnessed to the surrey. She always got the reins under her tail and stopped short. When you saddled her for riding she distended; and, consequently, about a quarter of a mile along on your ride, when she decided to become a perfect thirty-six again, the cinch slipped and the saddle turned round under her belly—or, at least, *would have*—if you hadn't been prepared.

Then she used to roar, also. She had natural horse-asthma—or maybe it was only mulishness. But she roared very offensively when she put her mind to it. I rode her at no very great pace—one couldn't—so it wasn't proof of my cruelty, but proof of her acrimony. Occasionally she would squeal and try to buck. But the poor old lady couldn't buck off even a bad rider. She so resented being ridden, however, that it almost completely spoiled the occasion for me; particularly as one inevitably dropped back clean out of sight of the better-mounted riders.

* * *

But that was about the only horse I never got along with very well. I loved the slim fellow I have spoken of, whose cognomen was "Bird." As I remember, he was a bay. He was long-legged and highly strung. He held his head prettily. But before I rode "Bird" I rode others, and there were three who rode with me. Sometimes, indeed, there was a regular cavalcade through the California moonlight. It is glorious to climb hillsides studded with live-oak in full California sunlight. But blanched roads in the moonlight, and the clattering tattoo of the hoofs of four horses past somnolent ranch buildings—the sudden challenge to race on a lonely straightaway stretch, and the sensation (as near to flying as anything human can be—I mean of flying with the human body, not trapped in a machine) of the rush forward in an uncanny light that seems to erase all the little obstacles that take the eye in daylight (as is the case when one runs afoot by night—you seem to go much faster, the road runs under you much more swiftly),—all that is part of the true romance.

And then, of course, singing goes with moonlight riding, and a pleasing sentimentality goes with moonlight riding. And men, I think, have have lost a large sort of gallantry, too, since they have descended to fuss and fiddle with self-starters and gear-shifts, and no longer ride. For gallantry goes with horses. To ride best you must hold yourself erect, with your chin up. You gain poise, and,—yes, perhaps a touch of swank. But not deleterious swank, or you're pretty sure to come a cropper. You move in a rhythm, the rhythm of a tall, proud, sure-stepping animal. You become part of a larger, more vital existence—or it seems so. This is no dead metal that you manage, whose power and pace make dynamic for a space your puny, parasitic being. This is a great, natural creature with whose vitality you are for the moment integral. For man, the most fundamental exhilaration will always reside in power and speed. Perhaps one may feel more truly conquering in an airplane, where the only blood and flesh and bone concerned are one's own. But the relationship of man to horse goes back so far through the ages that, in riding, the legendary centaur life is easily felt, can be keenly imagined. As horse and man move forward together, one is in closer kinship with the instinctive world of languageless creatures than even, to my mind, through the friendship of a devoted dog.

Motion! How little we actually *move* in this city life of ours; how much we are carried, in lifeless mechanisms propelled by the combustion of gases in cylinders. Riding in the open is how different a manner of being carried! It is constant exercise. And what wonder that, as I have mentioned, horses inspire poetry; for riding is a rhythmic art. The paces of a horse are great, natural, varied rhythms. They have begotten many famous lines, all the way from "quadrupedante putrem"—etc., to "Riding at dawn, riding alone, Gillespie left the town behind," which last could only have been written, as it were, at a gallop; and, as it was, by an Englishman accustomed to the saddle. What singlefooting—or is it nearer to a rack—in Browning's, "As I ride, as I ride—." "Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—," what fine impressionism (incidentally) concerning that particular Arab steed!

Only once in my life have I been insulted by a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horse. That was in the New Forest, in England. I suppose the horse knew that I was a Yank. It had its head out over the half-door of its stable. Its ears went back, its eyeball rolled, it elongated its neck, —and then it retracted its upper lip in a manner which I cannot hope to imitate, much as I have since practiced it,—curled its lip back right over its nose, it did, and grinned at me with a positively Rooseveltian ferocity. The only retort I could think of at the moment was, "So are you!" Which seemed a bit weak.

No, I have never ridden to hounds, and I never bestraddled a horse that could jump anything. A young friend of mine lang syne rode a beautifully spirited young animal that had to be broken of a nervous habit of rearing and falling over backward. But I never experienced any such excitement. However, there is one glorious memory I carry on with me through life, the memory of riding cross-country in the Spring after the drenching winter rains of Northern California were over. One simply cavorted then, over rolling fields, through flashing silver water and flying clods. Cool blue and gold was the morning. No horse but danced that day, if reined down to a trot. One just naturally let out a loud whoop and rode what one imagined must be "hell-for-leather." And over the crest of a hill the wide rolling world broke, laughing with sunlight, like the golden age returned anew. "For winter's rains and ruins are over—!" Holy mackerel,—how the heart sang!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

(*To be continued*)

The Life of Myth

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Vol. IV. Finno-Ugric, Siberian. By UNO HOLMBERG. Boston: Marshall Jones & Company. 1927.

Reviewed by B. MALINOWSKI
University of London

MYTH, clothing the brutal and naked beauty of primeval thought with the dignity of tradition and the majesty of sacredness, exerts a singular attraction upon the human mind, civilized and sophisticated, as well as simple and untutored. The mixture of incompatible extremes, of the shameful and the holy, the graceful and the raw, the fleshly and the spiritual, the tragic and the clownish, surrounds myth with an atmosphere of mystery and gives it a meaning which has always inspired the artist and puzzled the student. From myth and folk-tale have sprung the earliest as well as the ripest products of art: the savage enactment of myth at initiation and tribal feast as well as the tragedies of ancient Greece, the Elizabethan theatre, and the Wagnerian musical drama. In primitive, in pagan, and in Christian painting and sculpture, myth has supplied most of the subject matter and atmosphere.

The present volume, opening up one of the most wonderful and, for many reasons, least known regions of folk-lore, will be equally welcome to the scholar and the man of letters. It is a comprehensive survey of the mythological *Weltanschauung* of the Siberian and Finno-Ugric peoples, based on a polyglotic and extensive knowledge of the subject and, to a great extent also, on personal field work. It will be an important addition to the subject of general mythology, on which we have material enough, but not of the right sort.

The enormous variety of theories in comparative mythology and the wide range of opinions as to the true nature of a sacred tale is bewildering and disheartening. It shows how difficult to understand is the purely theoretical problem set by these tales, which come from a distant past and in which we seem to hear things both strange and familiar, almost incomprehensible messages which yet seem to convey a profound and inevitable meaning. There are theories which make folklore into a muddled natural science, and the psychoanalytic interpretations which make myths into day-dreams charged with an incestuous desire; opinions which consider legends as but a slightly mangled tribal history, and others which make myth the outcome of unbridled imagination. At times myths are dismissed as the mystifications of priestly cunning, or again as a primitive *lapsus linguae*—the self-deception of the primitive mind by a self-made metaphor.

Most theories credit the savage with a too great propensity for arm-chair philosophizing and at the same time ascribe a too childish outlook to him. In fact he is not so silly as naïvely to personify natural objects, or to ignore the difference between men and beasts, animate and inanimate objects. Nor is he duped by his metaphors any more easily than is civilized man. On the other hand, he is neither idle nor speculative enough to spin out fantastic, semi-poetical explanations and rhapsodies; to standardize his day dreams, or to record his tribal histories. His sense of historical accuracy and his interest in reconstructing the past is on the whole extraordinarily weak, as witness the almost complete absence of historical accounts from the immediate past, and the entire unreliability of such tales as can be checked from European chronicles. As to day dreams in myth, the psycho-analytic theory stands and falls with the assumption of a "race memory" and a "race unconscious" which will be accepted by few anthropologists who do not belong to the inner ring of ardent Freudians.

The fact is that learned antiquarians, inspired psychologists, and vigorous protagonists of the "historical method" have all poured out their own opinions as to what the savage means by his story, why he tells it, and in what manner he relates his mythopæic phantasies to reality. But they failed to ask the savage himself, or to look into the facts for an answer.

❧ ❧ ❧

Myths in primitive culture are told with a purpose, and they are deeply rooted in the savage's interest and his social organization and culture. But the links which bind folk-lore to the rest of native life, the threads by which they are woven into the social fabric have not only so far been ignored by the ethnographer, but have actually been severed by him. Stories have been taken down without any cultural context and projected out of native life into the ethnographer's notebook. Volumes of folk-lore have been published quite recently by first class ethnographers, in which the texts are given, as if from the beginning they had led a flat existence on paper,—(as for example, in Boas's "Tshimshian Mythology" or Rattray's "Ashanti Proverbs").

And we find hardly any record of field work in which the cultural function of myth, legend, and folk tale are systematically studied; in which the ethnographer follows up all the connecting links between a sacred story and its influence on social organization, law, order, and ritual.

In order to explain a cultural product it is necessary to know it. And to know, in matters of thought and emotion, is to have experienced. The first necessity in the study of mythology, then, is to grasp how the natives *live* their myths. I maintain that the sacred tale is not told for amusement, as a simple entertainment. The "sacred" in early human societies is not an idle show or pretence imagined for the satisfaction of curiosity or even of emotional craving. The "sacred," both as a mental attitude and a form of behavior, is a dynamic principle of culture, governing some of the most important fields of human activity: magic, religion, morality, and social organization. In magic the "sacred," the power that resides in words and the efficacy that comes from appropriate gestures allows man to achieve supernaturally that which his practical means and abilities fail to accomplish: to inflict disease on an enemy and to restore the health of a friend; to enhance his own strength in battle, and to cow the adversary; to insure plenty in hunting, fishing, and in agriculture; to gain success in love and in social ambition. In religion, the "sacred" works as a life force which binds members of a group together and, by the establishment of moral values, integrates the mind of the individual in the crises of life—death, puberty, marriage, and birth. In conduct and organization, the "sacred" sanctions value, rule, and law.

❧ ❧ ❧

Now what rôle does myth play in magic, religion, and morality? In all domains of the "sacred," man is required to act, often under considerable sacrifice to himself, in order to reach some ideal or goal. He has to undergo ordeals, to observe taboos, to forego comforts and endure privations, frequently for the benefit of others, always for advantages which are neither obvious nor immediate. To enforce the commandments of religion and magic a strong belief must exist that the promises or threats which sanction the commands are true. But man is more likely to believe in a future when he has some evidence of it from the past; he is more likely to act on a promise if there is a precedent to confirm it. There is no doubt, in fact, that the main cultural function of mythology is the establishment of precedent; the vindication of the truth of magic, of the binding forces of morals and law, of the real value of religious ritual, by a reference to events which have happened in a dim past, in the Golden Age of old, when there was more truth in the world, more divine influence, more virtue and happiness. Myth, coming from the true past, is the precedent which holds a promise of a better future if only the evils of the present be overcome. It also usually indicates how the present can be vanquished with the help of ritual, of religion, of moral precepts handed down from the past.

❧ ❧ ❧

If with these principles in mind we look honestly at our own religion, we can easily see how the story of Paradise, of the Fall, of the Expulsion, of the Promise of a Redeemer, and finally, of the Redemption itself gives the breath of life to Christian morality, to the Sacraments, and even to such of the ritual as some of us follow. Nor are the savage Australians, the Melapesians, or the African Negroes and Bantu different from us. Wherever we have a sufficiently full account of religion and magic along with the narratives of folk-lore, it is possible to show how deeply connected the two are, and how myth in its fundamental function is neither explanatory, nor "wish-fulfilling," nor historical, but essentially a precedent in support of religion and magical belief, or in support of social and moral order.

To conclude then, we may say that no myth, no part of folk-lore can ever be understood except as a living force in culture. The field worker should not merely collect tales torn out of their context, but observe the influence of myth on the social structure, the foundations of man's power over nature as expressed in it, in short, he should study the influence of mythological ideas on morality, on law, on magic, and on the religious ceremonies side by side with the stories.

Dr. Holmberg's book makes a considerable advance toward the presentation of myth from this point of view. The volume gives remarkably few stories, too few perhaps, and consists mainly in an account of the various beliefs, practices, and institutions in which is embodied the mythological world of the Siberian and Ugro-Finnic races. The vivid, convincing, and well documented picture of the material and spiritual universe of the natives will rivet the attention of the casual readers from start to finish, and prove invaluable as first-hand material to the specialist. Scientifically the most important are those parts of the book in which Dr. Holmberg shows the cultural life of sacred stories and ideas and thus reveals the true nature and function of myth. Thus the extraordinary cosmological concepts of some Siberians about the Pillar of the World, which supports the sky and tethers the stars, are shown to be connected with ancient forms of religious cult. Again in his account of Shamanism, Dr. Holmberg succeeds in giving a new, original, and dramatic version. For he does not merely tell us about the Shaman, nor is he satisfied to list the native beliefs on the subject; he shows us the Shaman at work, predicting the future, curing sickness and causing disease, surrounded by his familiar animals and guardian spirits, wielding the instruments of his office: the hammer, the ring, and the drum—and, withal, drawing a reasonable income from the supernatural trade and enjoying considerable prestige. Dr. Holmberg also establishes a remarkable connection between Siberian Shamanism and totemism. He shows that both types of belief are rooted in the mythological idea that Shamanistic lineage on the one hand and magical powers on the other have been received from animals by human ancestors.

❧ ❧ ❧

All these subjects will have an equal appeal to the student and to the layman, for Dr. Holmberg's style is vivid, his argument clear, and he knows the actors and the scenery from personal experience. The descriptions of the Arctic tundra, of the steppes, of the wide rivers of Eastern Europe and Siberia, are a fitting background to the contortions of the Shaman, to Spirits of Nature hovering among the stunted firs and birches, to the Living Stones—the Seide of Lapland,—to the sacrifices of the Votiaks and Cheremiss made to their gods of nature among primeval groves on the plains of the Volga. All this Dr. Holmberg has seen with his own eyes and he conveys it to us well in his vivid description and in the excellent illustrations.

The insistence with which the real nature of myth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and legend as the traditional precedent of belief, moral rule, and social organization is brought out in this volume is the natural outcome of a thorough knowledge of the material. And his method is the more convincing, since the Finnish author does not seem to be aware of its theoretical importance. Indeed in the chapters on the Siberian Tree of Life and on the Mountain of the World with its manifold terraces, fascinated though we are by the narrative, we miss the fuller data which would allow us to judge whether these ideas are part of a larger system, or whether they influence ritual, cult, and conduct or whether they are mere literary fancies. Certain descriptions of nature-spirits, the Siberian beliefs on the stars and thunder, on fire and on wind, on the origin of the mosquito, as well as the Finno-Ugric account of ghosts are also incomplete in that the cultural context is not fully given. We would like to know how far the mythological belief in natural forces is connected with magical control of nature and how far this again is dependent upon economic pursuits.

* * *

The data on family gods, heroes, and household gods among Finno-Ugric peoples would gain by a fuller sociological account of tribal organization. But all such criticisms are merely the outcome of our appreciation of what Dr. Holmberg's work has already given us and a wish that, having gone so far on the right way he might have gone further. It might also be said that the author having shown the right way to approach myth, that is through the study of its cultural context, gives us perhaps too little of myth itself. No long narratives are told and even abridged stories are very sparsely adduced. They might almost be numbered on the fingers. It is certainly correct to start from the cultural approach to myth, but having reached it, it would be as well to indulge in a fuller treatment of it than is here given. Is myth inevitably condemned to fall between two stools, to be given only as an unintelligible story by one and to be practically omitted by the other?

In spite of this the volume is one of the best descriptions of primitive *Weltanschauung* and one of the most important additions to the science of myth that has recently been published. Great as is its intrinsic value, it becomes the more appreciable since the literature on Siberia and Eastern Europe is mostly written in Slavonic, Ugro-Finnish, or at best in Scandinavian languages, and is therefore inaccessible to the Western scholar. To read, moreover, an account of savage races written by a highly civilized member of one of them—even though that race has reached perhaps the highest level of culture—provides a rare anthropological thrill. And again, the peoples in the heart of Asia and Eastern Europe have, in many ways, influenced human history and human culture to a greater extent than any other race—partly because in their constant invasions of their richer, sedentary neighbors—the Chinese, the Europeans, the Semites, and the Hindus—they provided the dynamic factor of human history and progress, partly because they provide, most likely, the real link between the Old and the New World.

There has recently been formed in France what is known as the Literary Consulates, an organization sponsored by the Friends of French Letters, the avowed purpose of which is to acquaint the reading public in each country with the best of the literature of each of the others. It is the consensus of opinion of these men of letters that there is need of some method by which a drastic improvement may be effected in the type of literature which is exploited "across the border" of the various countries; and they feel that through an affiliation of the outstanding men of letters from each country, an organization can be developed which can collect and disseminate accurate and authoritative information which will be of value not only to the ultimate purchasers and readers of books but to the libraries and dealers who wish to sponsor only the best in contemporary literature.

It is the plan of the Literary Consulates to have capable representatives in the cities and smaller literary centers in the different countries whose duty it will be to acquaint each his own local public with the literary value of contemporary foreign publications, including not only those of celebrities and writers who have "arrived," but also the works worthy of general recognition which have been produced by authors who have received only local acclaim.

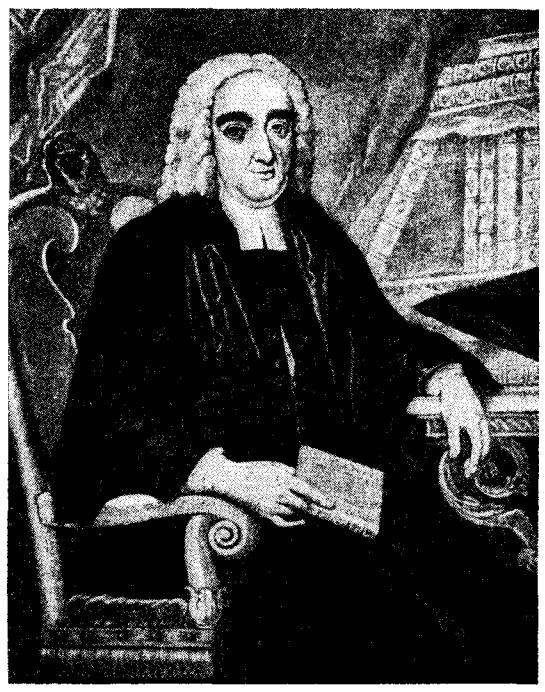
The Biography of a Mind

THE SKULL OF SWIFT. By SHANE LESLIE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR E. CASE

IT is a nice question how long a man must be dead before one may safely say what one chooses about him. The character of Gladstone has recently been vindicated in a suit for libel begun a quarter of a century after his death. On the other hand, some half-dozen years ago a writer of fiction brought against Jonathan Swift an unfounded charge which does not seem to have suggested itself even to the minds of contemporary scandal-mongers, and no one protested when her publishers described her work as "a charming product of fancy and scholarship."

Mr. Leslie makes no such novel accusations, but his book will not please admirers of the Dean. It belongs to what M. Pons terms the *élaboration romantique* of the story of Swift, and, as its title indicates, it is a biography of a mind rather than of a body. The design is admirable, and the result might have been equally admirable had not the biographer approached his subject with an unmistakable bias. The minds of the two men are so antipathetic as to preclude any real comprehension of the earlier by the later. Mr. Leslie does not deny Swift's greatness (no critic except Dr. Johnson has been hardy enough to do that), but he finds it difficult to reconcile that greatness with a number of other qualities which he abhors. Indeed, he does not attempt to



THE REVEREND DOCTOR JONATHAN SWIFT. From a portrait by Markham Delin, reproduced in "The Memoirs of Mrs. Letitia Pilkington" (Dodd, Mead).

resolve the difficulty on human grounds: he falls back upon an Act of God and avers that Swift had no soul. He bases this assertion upon the alleged absence in the Dean of "all that produces the idealistic, the credulous, the poetical, the enthusiastic, and fanatical in man," and upon his rejection of mysticism and catholicism. It is a little hard if none but the romantically-minded are to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. Even so, Mr. Leslie overstates his case. The apologue of the spider and the bee in "A Tale of a Tub" is sufficient in itself to refute the contention that Swift's "entire writings show no aspiration, no sentence even, marking a soul's flight."

It is not surprising that Mr. Leslie, having committed himself to such a hypothesis, should go on to deny Swift the motives and the rewards that pertain to the soul. He pictures him as a perennially unhappy man actuated entirely by self-interested ambition. Any facts which do not harmonize with this portrait are omitted or slurred over or explained away. Does Swift assist a starving poet? it is to feed his own vanity. Does he mourn the death of a friend? it is "the cry of a horse-trainer whose favorite falls in the race." Does he secretly hold morning prayers for his servants? they are "his daily drill in the virtue required by the State." And finally, although he is admitted to have been a great moralist, "Swift's flight was always set steadily downward, and downward he carries all who care for him." Beside such passages Mr. Leslie's implied censure of Orrery and Jeffrey as detractors of Swift seems ironic.

"The Skull of Swift" is primarily an interpretation of character, and its author does not profess to add any new facts about Swift. He has evidently consulted all of the important biographies, but he is not always critical in his selection of material. A number of old errors are repeated, and Mr. Leslie adds a few which appear to be original. We are told that Swift called himself "Presto" in the "Journal to Stella," that his rhyming "peace" with "delays" shows that he spoke with an Irish brogue (as if Dryden and Pope did not furnish us with a hundred similar rhymes), that he was lean and cadaverous, and that his handwriting was clear and beautiful. The old story, that Swift lost the bishopric of Waterford because Archbishop Sharpe showed Queen Anne certain marked passages in "A Tale of a Tub," is reiterated, although Sir Charles Firth's investigations have demonstrated its inaccuracy. More serious is Mr. Leslie's habit of combining two or more authentic incidents in one, or of inserting several pages of imaginative re-creation of Swift's life into his account without warning his readers that he has left the solid ground of fact. It is often difficult to determine whether one is reading an historical romance or a romantic history. Color and movement the author certainly achieves. There are many happy phrases which the student of Swift will wish to treasure up for future use. But on the whole the style of the book is too self-conscious to be comfortable, and there is a surfeit of alliteration, in which Mr. Leslie takes an almost naive delight. The urbane charm of "The End of a Chapter" is lacking. For those who wish to read a brilliant attack upon Swift the most satisfactory authors are still Macaulay and Thackeray.

Chaotic Russia

THE LAND OF THE CHILDREN. By GUSSIEV ORENBURGSKY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

TWO impulses, one of which not infrequently hinders the other, are felt throughout Mr. Orenburgsky's narrative—one, the novelist's impulse to tell a story, the other the Russian *emigré's* desperate endeavor somehow or other to understand, explain, and excuse the Russian Revolution. Of these two impulses, the moralizing and philosophizing is the more persistent and stronger. It shapes the somewhat laborious structure of the novel, with its prologue between the Lord and Satan, and its rather banal epilogue, in which the peasant hero, Vavila, meets in Heaven most of the better-known Russian writers, and it crowds into and clogs the action, which, at any instant, is likely to pause, while a character slips off into two or three pages of revery.

The story, as such, pictures the crumbling Russian front, as seen through the eyes of the childlike peasant giant, Vavila; Petrograd at the time of the October revolution; and various aspects of the nightmare years that followed, when Whites and Reds were slaughtering each other, and the passionate loyalties inspired equally by the old order and the new sometimes drew a dead line between old friends and fathers and sons.

Mr. Orenburgsky is uncommonly objective in his presentation of this vast and chaotic picture, and he practices as novelist the tolerance and forgiveness which as moralist he constantly preaches. Devoted himself to the old Russia, he nevertheless is fair to his various Bolsheviks. He insists that no virtuous "we" and devilish "they" explain the horrors that have fallen on Russia, but suggests that humans and events are all, in one way or another, "children" of what has gone before. He even permits his peasant hero, Vavila—a sort of symbol of the old-fashioned, simple, devout Russia that was supposed to be "nearer to God" than the western nations—to turn Communist and die with his back to a wall at the hands of the Whites.

"Where, then, is Holy Russia?" he makes one of his bewildered characters ask. "Was it a deception of our souls, an eternal illusion?"

Mr. Orenburgsky thinks not. He thinks that Russia has kept its soul, that it is great in defeat, and that it will eventually fulfil its mission of steering the world away from a materialistic way of life that leads to destruction and toward what he frequently refers to as the Invisible City. If these Pan-Slav echoes comfort Mr. Orenburgsky, surely none will say him nay, and it must be said that he does what he can to act on his theories by making most of his characters, before they pass from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stage, see the light, give up their hatreds and ambitions, and become as little children.

There are moments in the narrative—as when, for example, the White officer, Koronin, tells his Monarchist sweetheart, Xenia, that he is working in a counter-revolutionary conspiracy, and lifts his eyes to meet the sardonic gaze of the girl's Communist brother, who has overheard everything—when the threads unite into first-class "good theatre," and one gets a whiff of the nightmare air in which people lived in Moscow during the period of "militant communism." But as already intimated, these moments are not as frequent as the reader might wish them to be. Too much of the time he is plowing through reveries and mental questionings, which, "Russian" though they may be, don't take the place of a go-ahead story.

Their Untouchable Selves

THE HOTEL. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

He felt that most profound concern possible for another human being, when it becomes a question no longer of the extent of one's own possession of them, but, transcending this, of what in their untouchable selves they *are*.

THIS, one of the very many wise and sensitive observations in Elizabeth Bowen's novel "The Hotel," I feel inclined to apply to the book itself and my relation to it as reviewer. Because, by one of those simperings of occasion (as Sir Kenelm called them) that do sometimes happen, here is a creation of most delicate and difficult texture which is going to come into the hands of a great many more readers than would usually encounter a book of that sort. It has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and it will be extraordinarily interesting to observe how it fares with so large a subscription list. I believe (since reviewers have to use their trade argot now and then) that its triumphant naturalism will carry it through.

Rose Macaulay is quoted as having said of this book that "it is hard to describe its quality without seeming overenthusiastic." True indeed. The material of the story is casual enough: merely a few weeks' episodes in the lives of a few people in a hotel on the Italian Riviera. Of course as soon as one says Riviera, you imagine a certain crystallized type of novel; but how different this is. Elizabeth Bowen's triumph is that never in her exquisite comedy of the mirths and acids of social observation does she rely for an instant on cheapened effects, easy tricks, or meretricious glamors. The word "sophisticated," which has undergone queer diversions in recent years (it has become customary to use it when what is really meant is "sophomoric") may here be genuinely applied. Here is the subtle pourri of real sophistication, a wit that is not harsh or bawdy or mean.

Elizabeth Bowen—or Mrs. Cameron, if you insist—is a young writer; as is so characteristic of an Irish woman she is still under thirty—in fact, under twenty-nine. But this is not a young book, it is frugal and keen, rich with the rather desperate wisdom of maturity. It is social comedy of the most intricate merit, malicious and tender, the neat elixir of observation. Its people are dreadfully alive, so much so that you carry them on in your mind after finishing the story, wondering what will become of them. The hotel itself, the lounge with its grove of chairs, the drawing room where an unbroken front of matronhood warmed its knees at the fire, the lift, even the Honorable Mrs. Pinkerton's private bathroom (with the "Shetlands" on the radiator) all these are a décor that every traveled reader knows by heart. Americans, great connoisseurs of lavatory detail, will have their small private merriments over the so characteristically British toilet appointments of the visitors—the sponge-bags and loofahs and wash-stands and slop-pails; and the solid dressing-table ware of the Honorable Mrs. Pinkerton.

This is a book that two readers particularly would have been excited by—Jane Austen, Henry James. And I think I should add a third, our well-loved "Elizabeth." For it is much more than what the term "social comedy" suggests: it conveys genuine tragedy and pity, and even a sense of the sinister in the enigmatic (yet how recognizable) person of Mrs. Kerr. If you insist on character study of the Younger Generation, I believe both Sydney and Veronica are considerably more authentic than a good many more melodramatically romanticized young questioneers.

Elizabeth Bowen has the rare and the difficult gift: she can impart character in a flash. Her crisp dialogue makes one hanker for a stage to hear it on. It is a brilliant and triumphant book, and I pay it the greatest compliment I know, by believing that there will be some (oh lucky, lucky people!) who will imagine it a little dull.

Good Wine, Burning Bush

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE. By T. F. POWYS. New York: The Viking Press. 1928.

Reviewed by HAMISH MILES

IN this story of three startled hours of a November night, a night of sudden apocalypse in the village of Folly Down, Mr. T. F. Powys has produced what is so far the most memorable of his tales. It is also that in which the element which may roughly be termed allegory is most openly avowed. And that fact may give us a clue to the real value of this very remarkable writer and his work.

It is needed. I know little of what reception Mr. Powys's six previous volumes have had in America, but I do know that in England their proper appreciation has always been fogged by a misapprehension of the vision behind them. Generally they have there been greeted by many angry voices up and down the country, protesting that the village life of England is something far kinder, far smoother than he paints it. English villages, these critics reiterate, may have their faults—but no, not this horrid catalogue of rape and madness, meanness and filth, visions and portents and sudden conflagrations—no. But of Mr. Powys's intention and achievement this explains—precisely nothing. After all, his pictures of these villages and the creatures who dwell in them, are extraordinarily alive. The play of character in them is absorbing and intricate. The slow necessity of tragedy broods over their stories. Surely truth cannot be so very far away?

And indeed it is not, if only we put altogether out of our heads the idea that Mr. Powys has just been trying to make a kodak record of Dorset life, or, what would be worse, that he has been simply butchering the rustic virtues to make a townsman's holiday. He has attempted neither. He has simply been telling stories which are rooted in the deepest truths, portraying men and women, even ladies and gentlemen, in those simple lines and clear unshaded colors that are instantly visible to an eye accustomed to watch, first and always, for the great determining elements of good and evil. For in their essence Mr. Powys's books are only fortuitously pictures of English village life. He is a man who has stories which, for truth's sake, he is bound anyway to tell; it happens that for this purpose English villages have lain ready to his hand. And he is driven to tell them by a profound religious sense. To him the supernatural is no matter of strangeness: it exists—not a sentimental, sticky, psychic emanation, but a plain, honest fact; and when we look beneath the puppet-surface of all these queer pig-breeders and carriers and zanies and wantons, we may discern, as clearly as our own sense of these matters will allow us, that the principal characters of Mr. Powys's tales are always really two—God, and the Devil.

In "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" this pattern of good and evil is more vividly exposed than in any of his earlier books. And let it be said that in none has he shown better his direct, unadorned, keen-edged style. With this he compels as the bright-eyed Mariner compelled: in the wake of the mysterious Mr. Weston's Ford truck, we cannot choose but follow him into the chosen village of Folly Down, where during the evening of his visit, time itself will for a while stop short and the courses of common nature be bent to his will. And once drawn into this village that for the moment is being visibly ruled by supernatural laws, we cannot turn back; we watch, with no thought for their superficial plausibility or otherwise, the wonders wrought by Mr. Weston as he goes from house to house offering to sell his unaccustomed wine. The symbolism of that determined old salesman, with his companion Michael (not to mention the Beast which lies hidden and chained inside the Ford!) is gradually exposed as the intricate and tightly-knit story is unfolded; and it would be wrong to attempt in a short space too close an application, or too bald a summary, of their significance, earthly or divine. But from the first glimpses we have of these visitors, we are made instantly aware of deep forces working far below the surface of simplicity or depravity or bodily beauty which the storyteller is handling:

"And surely," observed Michael, "it is nearly time for us to go down into the village, for we have a good many visits to pay, and you wish also to see the church."

"I have never been inside one before," said Mr. Weston.

Michael looked a little surprised.

"I only like to go," remarked Mr. Weston, "where my good wine is drunk. In a condemned cell, in a brothel, in the kennels of a vast city, our wine is drunk to the dregs, but in a church they merely sip."

"And yet we have had orders," said Michael.

"And if we fulfil them," replied Mr. Weston, "have the buyers ever been known to pay?"

"Why, no," said Michael, "they expect all goods to be given to them."

"They won't get much from us, then," said Mr. Weston grimly.

Nor did they. . . . The wine of love and the darker wine of death were not lightly handled by Mr. Weston and his companion. Yet even those who drank of neither were not left unaffected by the coming of their vendors on that night in Folly Down when the clocks stood still at seven; signs were in the heavens and portents walked the lanes. But the restraint of the writing, in contrast with the violence of the spiritual imagery which it contains, is something truly memorable. Let anyone look at such a scene as that where the three girls sit talking in the ill-famed cottage of that peeping old pander, Mrs. Vosper; at the gentle love-madness of Luke Bird; at the formidable scene of the opening of Ada Kiddle's grave; or at the blasting of the great oak tree that had sheltered so many lustings—it should be plain that writing and visualization like this come, not from any effort to startle, but from the natural, the logical, compulsion of a coherent spiritual revelation. It is this which makes Mr. Powys a memorable allegorist, and keeps his still restricted body of readers always expectant.

An Argentine Novelist

BLACK VALLEY. By HUGO WAST. Translated by HERMAN and MIRIAM HESPELT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is pleasant to find the best Latin-American novels still being rendered into English for American readers. Just after the war a considerable number were translated, the best-advertised, like Graça Aranha's "Canaan," were not always very good, but they introduced us to the mind and manners of South America. Hugo Wast, whose real name is Gustavo Martinez Zuviria, is the most successful of Argentine writers; his books have been rendered into German, Italian, and Polish, his novel "Stone Desert" won an Argentine prize of $30,000, and this present story has been crowned by the Spanish Academy.

To anyone who finds Blasco Ibáñez interesting and profitable "Black Valley" may be cordially commended. If it is below the Spaniard at his best, it is more than equal to his average level; and in theme and method it recalls him. There is the same violent action, marked by jealousy, lust, and murder; there is the same full and careful depiction of an unusual geographic and social setting. The sun-scorched, frost-bitten region where the pampas yield to the Andean foothills, the great ranchers, the peons and herders, the reign of lawless individualism, the conflict of man and beast, the duels of rivals in love and in land-acquisition—these are the elements of the novel. It is a tragic story. Two rich estate owners are parted by a bitter feud; the chieftain of the one has carried on a secret love affair with a daughter of the other, and from this there springs a series of agonizing complications. In the end murder and sudden death have their way with several of the principal characters, and the curtain falls in gloom. Even a boy and a girl, who had theretofore seemed fortunate, and whose attachment seemed destined to a happy ending, are ruthlessly torn apart. Yet violent and blood-drenched though the story is, it is saved from being melodrama by the skill and adequacy of the motivation.

What the reader will longest remember, however, is not the plot or the characters. It is the background of Hugo Wast's story; his picture of the wild foothills of the Andes, and his study of the primitive society of mountaineers and peons and imperious overlords of the land. It is a book which all those interested in South America will find well worth reading.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

The Folder

FELIX RIESENBERG in his lively little book of sea sketches called "Shipmates" reminds us that the magnetic character of a metal hull is strongly affected by the direction in which it was laid down in the shipyard. If a ship's keel is laid down due North and South her compass will need quite different adjustment from that of a ship laid down East and West.

One has sometimes wondered whether anything of the same sort may be true of human beings.

It once struck me that an amusing story could be written of a man whose mother worked in a compass laboratory before he was born. He was so strongly polarized that is was only with the greatest difficulty that he could move in an East or West direction, and always in moments of stress proceeded due North. He became a realtor in New York and amassed a huge fortune.

* * *

I am inclined to agree with Vincent Starrett who says (in his introduction to "Fourteen Great Detective Stories," in the Modern Library) that he believes Mr. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke "the best detective since Sherlock Holmes." But I repeat that Mr. Footner's Madame Storey is far too little known. Chesterton's Father Brown is a bit too extravagant for my taste, though the conception is admittedly a fine one. But even the greatest detective writers usually forget something: Poe, for instance, in The Purloined Letter, forgot that men do not smoke pipes in the dark.

* * *

Ejected from a sleeping cart at Back Bay Station at half past six in the morning, it is too late to return to bed and too early to do anything in particular. So, after coffee and doughnuts at a sandwich shop near Copley Square, I fulfilled a long-unsatisfied impulse to find out what are all those names carved on the front of the Boston Public Library. I was pleased to find there my old friend GAIUS, whose Institutes I once had to brood over in a course on Roman Law and whose grievous axiom *Res perit domino* seems thoroughly confirmed by life. MARCUS AURELIUS I observed was one of the very few whose names are given two lines of space: it is usually the platitude merchant who gets the best of it in the end. SANSOVINO was a very pretty name of which I know nothing, but it reminded me that a Correspondence College in Rochester, N. Y., sent me lately the following offer:

BE A PROHIBITION AGENT. $1,800 TO $3,000 FIRST YEAR. Men 25 to 65. We offer this course to you at only $27.50 cash. This examination will be held throughout the country within a very short time.

I was wondering just what sort of accomplishments would be tested in the examination, when over my shoulder I heard an appealing voice: "How about helping a fellow to a plate of beans?" and I knew I was really in Boston.

* * *

A parent of statistical mind (it was Old John Mistletoe in fact) once tried to figure out what was Par in a normal family with, say, four children, two dogs, an elderly automobile, and the other adminicles of life. His calculations, carefully set down over a period of ten years, averaged out as follows:—

Every 18.15 minutes a toy is lost—
Every 21.03 minutes a question is asked—
Every 24 minutes a telephone rings—
Every 33 minutes a parent is waked up—
Every 46 minutes a tool is mislaid—
Every 48 minutes a dog has a fit of barks—
Every 62 minutes a picture has to be hung—
Every 78 minutes something goes wrong with the plumbing—
Every 86 minutes someone comes to the door to try to sell something—
Every 91 minutes a button comes off—
Every 110 minutes someone has to finish the spinach—
Every 130 minutes someone has to catch a train—
Every 150 minutes there is a bill to be paid—
Every 7 days a Funny Paper has to be arbitrated.

I don't remember the exact publication date of Dickens's Christmas Carol, but one of the very first presentation copies must have been the one now in the Andrew D. White Library at Cornell University. It was dated 17 December, 1843, and the author's inscription says "Given to W. M. Thackeray by Charles Dickens whom he made very happy once a long way from home." Probably some of our Dickens experts, such as Mr. John Eckel, could tell us to what particular episode that refers?

* * *

Tyngsboro, Mass., writes asking for help in naming a restaurant. "This summer we (husband and self) are to have a restaurant at Dennis, on Cape Cod, for the workers at the Cape Playhouse. The place must have a distinctly theatrical flavor, most important of all the name must be theatre-y. In case, while at the icebox, your imagination plays around the idea of naming such a place, I should be grateful if you would forward the inspiration."

* * *

Brooklyn Heights writes:—

You might be interested to know that the old building at the corner of Cranberry and Fulton Streets, Brooklyn, where Walt Whitman (according to an item I once read in the old Bowling Green) printed his Leaves of Grass, has just been demolished. Only the doors to the old bar-room are still standing, and they will go soon. Doubtless to make way for a slick yellow apartment house. The only wonder is that Brooklyn has kept her immunity so long, and hence kept her shabby old homely atmosphere so well. Did you know the old Fulton Ferry building beneath the bridge? The quintescence of the jig-saw gas-mantle stove-pipe era, when men were not afraid to wear stove-pipe hats and think (or write, in Walt's case) in terms of moral grandeur! But alas, it burned a year or two ago.

By the way, I once told the late Joseph Pennell about the Cranberry-Fulton building as the site of Walt's printing, and as he claimed to have illustrated a book on Walt's Brooklyn days and had never heard of this printing shop he strenuously denied its authenticity. But then, he was rather given to strenuous denials of other people's ideas, whether he knew anything about them or not. And so I have always chosen to believe that there and nowhere else the immortal Leaves were first printed. Artistic truth is so vastly superior to literal truth, anyway; and that little red brick warehouse with the saloon on the ground floor and the L rattling by the second story and all the pathetic bums and hobos from the Fulton Street lodging houses drifting about the hideous and fantastic plaza outside, has artistic truth to back its claims, whatever the cold facts.

As your guest at the rechristening of the *Tusitala* some years before, I suppose I should have thanked you before this for a delightful and unique afternoon. Will you ever forget that thunder squall, so neatly synchronized with the bursting of the champagne? I suppose the pleasure cruises were too good ever to come true in this world. But in the current Report of the Governor General of the Panama Canal (a booklet well worth study if you can read between the sober statistical lines), I noticed an item "Tugboat and dry-dock assistance to the sailing ship *Tusitala*, $1,000," or some such sum: I forget the actual words and figures, but it gave me a queer little thrill, remembering so vividly that hot afternoon and the hilarious party aboard her, to stumble across her name in such an unexpected place.

R. D. TURNBULL.

It is some years since I have visited Fulton and Cranberry Streets, but my recollection is that the old print-shop of the Rome Brothers (number 98 Cranberry) was across the street from the building which our correspondent describes as now demolished. The old printing-shop building used to have a fruit-stand and barber shop on the ground floor. The building opposite was the saloon: I well remember a sign over the door that said BEN'S PURE LAGER.

I hope, incidentally, that we may soon hear that Jo Davidson's fine statue of Walt has been assigned the kind of site that it deserves. I have seen in Mr. Davidson's studio some fine composite photos which show the effect the monument would have if set up on a rocky knoll in Central Park, where it would afford a thrilling profile against blue void.

In regard to the *Tusitala*, she is said to be in excellent health and spirits, and under the generous ownership of Mr. James A. Farrell she makes regular voyages as a cargo carrier between here and Pacific ports.

* * *

Speaking of seafaring matters, in an introduction to the Modern Library edition of H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle," I suggested that perhaps it was at Shireff's wine cellar, Ludgate Hill, that Mr. Tomlinson and the Skipper had that important drink that eventually led to a voyage up the Amazon. I learn that it was at the Black Dog pub in Shoe Lane. I mention this for the benefit of any romantic clients who may be in London this summer and might desire a sentimental drink. Another thing that has often occurred to me: I wish someone would go to Newcastle-on-Tyne and write the Green a piece about the second-hand bookshops of that city. I have never been to Newcastle, but I get catalogues from several booksellers there, and they are extraordinarily interesting.

* * *

I am disappointed that no high-spirited client has volunteered to subscribe to the "Sincere Friendship Club" which I inadvertently discovered some time ago. My idea was that some cheerful investigator could really learn a great deal about Literary Tastes by getting into correspondence with some of these desiderating ladies and, in the guise of a Sincere Friend, ascertain what books they like. In their specifications they usually mention their private fortune, real estate holdings, shapeliness, ability to drive a car, lack of religious dogmatism, and pally disposition; but none ever speaks of a taste for reading. Yet, as Coventry Patmore remarked in a dissertation on this subject, to find out what books a woman enjoys is the most important preliminary.

Here are some of the ladies who subscribe to the Sincere Friendship Club:—

Neat, Pleasant Scotch-Irish widow by death, no family, age 57, 5 ft. 5, wt. 150, auburn hair, blue eyes, Presbyterian faith, good character and lead a clean life. Am very lonely and would appreciate and marry a good man. I have plenty of this world's goods, I seek company only. All a man needs to do is step into a comfortable home, sit down to a well-spread table, and not a dollar expense to him. I don't ask a man to support me.

Have a cozy, comfortable and inviting home. Would adore a real man, who is looking for a real loving lady, would give him the best of care and attention, if he would appreciate the comforts of a real home. I am very lonely as I sit home alone. American Catholic Lady, age 42, wt. 130, black hair, brown eyes, good education, nice looking, play piano. Worth over $20,000, widow by death. Dear Friend—Please write for early marriage.

Am a good Friend and a wonderful Pal—True home-lover and a good housekeeper. Have a beautiful home, also summer home at the Sea Shore. Have the best of character and high standing. College education, very attractive, age 53, 5 ft. 7, wt. 130, brown hair, hazel eyes, Baptist. Worth over $18,000. Would be happy to hear from a home-loving educated gentleman.

Have a most beautiful estate, large home, worth $60,000, no encumbrances, no debts. Refined American Lady, perfect health, age 44, 5 ft. 2, wt. 145, brown hair, blue eyes, very nice looking, good figure, Protestant. I want a good kind husband, one that I can love with all my heart and one that will love and appreciate a good true wife.

Honestly and Sincerely—I seek a real home-loving husband. Have a nice 11-room modern home worth $15,000, nicely located. Educated English-American Lady, age 36, 5 ft. 6, wt. 132, brown hair, blue eyes, above the average in appearance, social personality. I accumulated my property with no assistance except my own brains. Am not stingy or extravagant.

Slender, shapely, pretty, College educated, refined, American girl, age 22, 5 ft. 6, wt. 116, dark brown curly hair, deep blue eyes, musical education, Methodist faith, worth $10,000, will inherit $75,000. Am a worthy, self-respecting, honorable and trustworthy young woman.

Very neat and attractive, highly educated American girl, age 24, 5 ft. 3, wt. 125, brown hair and eyes, shapely figure, Methodist, have an ideal modern home of my own, am worth at least $60,000, will inherit $20,000 more. Will marry. Character, intelligence, honesty and ability mean more to me than means. Who will write?

I learn that it costs very little to enroll in the Sincere Friendship Club for three months, and the Bowling Green will gladly pay the enrollment fee for any client who will undertake a discreet investigation into the literary tastes of the lady members. The Green however assumes no further responsibility, in the event of any sentimental researcher becoming too deeply allured by large inheritances or shapeliness.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Ever since the publication in 1921, in five volumes, of Sir Aurel Stein's "Serindia," containing his account of his explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China on behalf of the Indian Government (now out of print) it has been known that he had in preparation another work. This will be published towards the end of the year—probably in October—under the title "Innermost Asia." It will fill four volumes, two of text, two of plates, plans and maps.

Eyre and Spottiswoode, who, as printers to the British crown, have hitherto been mainly concerned with official publications, are about to enter the field as general publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bobbs Merrill Books

Edited by
EDWARD GARNETT
Letters *from* Joseph Conrad
1895-1924
It is no exaggeration to describe this book as of paramount importance to English literature—*Wm. McFee, in New York Herald-Tribune.* $3.50

By HOWARD W. ODUM
Rainbow Round My Shoulder
The Blue Trail of Black Ulysses

What a book! Sure to awaken readers to the incredible wildness of our world.—*The Nation.* $3

By SHANE LESLIE
The Skull of Swift
Stimulating, provocative; has color, grace, wit. A curious, absorbing book about an eccentric and great man.—*New York Times.* $3.50

By OTIS SKINNER
Mad Folk of the Theatre
Moonstruck, pagan, unmoral they dance through the pages with zest and abandon.—*Philadelphia Ledger.* $3.50

By IRIS BARRY
Portrait of Lady Mary Montagu
All the beguilement of a novel of a woman's life, and meat in brine besides. —*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $5

The Delight of Great Books
By JOHN ERSKINE

Works of genius made of vital interest to us by a genius of interpretation. $2.50

By FISKE KIMBALL
American Architecture
Written with glowing simplicity by our foremost student of architecture. Illustrated $4

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers Indianapolis

Books of Special Interest

The Essence of Science

THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By GILBERT NEWTON LEWIS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $5.

HOW many of those who are proud to be living in a scientific age are prepared to give a synopsis of even one of the branches of science, far less to visualize, however dimly, the whole? Many have tried to help us in this difficult task of orientation, but as a rule they have omitted the personal touch; and it is perhaps the chief merit of Professor Lewis's book, "The Anatomy of Science," which provides in the form of a humanistic epistemological tabloid the concentrated essence of science, that its author is at once humorous, clear-headed, and broad-minded.

His kind, but firm dismissal of impediments like "ultimate truth" is reassuring; and such sentences as: "If we once get out of the child-like notion that every act is either right or wrong, that every statement is either false or true, that every question may be answered by a 'yes' or 'no,' we still recognize that with our present knowledge there are some statements which are more probable than others . . ." or "The growth of living thought is not to be repressed; and a cyclic thought is not a circle, but rather an ascending spiral which, with every turn, leads to greater heights" . . . . show us within the first few pages what we may expect.

* *

He starts from the oldest of mathematical sciences, Arithmetic, with a parable of how the concept of numbers might arise: once we have this machine, we find it turning on itself, as it were, and stamping out fractions. Thus we get a "system with the properties of a continuum . . . the number system in full correspondence with the positions of points on a geometrical line," and so we pass into realms of Space and Geometry; thence to Time and Motion, and Matter in Motion. From a comparison of three types of geometry, and an account of Newton's principles and those of Einstein, we notice a complete identity between the kinematics of Newton and the non-Euclidean Geometry characterized by shear rotation; but since Einstein's discovery means that we must abandon the postulate of universal time and the geometry that went with it, we must seek a new geometrical theory which is to be found in the geometry of asymptotic rotation. This illustrates a point emphasized earlier in the book, that mathematics is not false or true, but rather interesting and useful in so far as it fits a particular system.

In the section on Light and the Quantum, Mr. Lewis deals with the principles which "suggest the properties of an ideal continuum or a discontinuum," and reminds us that in the "process of growing thought the integers, once invented, began as it were to spin about themselves a continuous web until they became mere singular points embedded in the continuum of the general number series." A crucial experiment, which follows a discussion of the latest theories of light, "gives powerful evidence for a theory which not only is in full harmony with our relative geometry, but also removes the last foothold in the physical sciences of the concept of temporal causality."

"Do you believe in miracles?" asks Professor Lewis in the chapter on Probability and Entropy, and proceeds to describe the chances of finding a weight some distance above the floor of a box containing water, in which we have put it! There follows an interesting consideration of the second law of thermodynamics, and of one-way and two-way time.

* *

In dealing with the non-mathematical sciences he stresses the subtle distinction between animate and inanimate nature, and this leads him to his final chapter, "Life: Body and Mind." Strictly speaking, Professor Lewis has here crossed the border of his domain, but his treatment of a subject on which he is not an authority is fresh and undogmatic. It is, however, doubtful whether he has fully considered the Double-language solution of the so-called Mind-Body problem. On the whole, his conclusions will be comforting to vitalists. He insists that the struggle for existence, for example, may be studied by methods, which, while truly scientific, are entirely independent of the methods of geometry, mechanics, and chemistry; and that we require two distinct vocabularies for dealing with weights on the one hand and the behavior of man on the other.

Professor Lewis speaks of his work as a contemporaneous cross-section of science; actually it is more than this. He has shown relationships which are indispensable for a real grasp of the science of to-day, but which we have often neglected or been unable to make for ourselves.

Modern Mysticism

A YANKEE PASSIONAL. By SAMUEL ORNITZ. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHAN SMERTENKO

ONE really needs to be blessed with a high degree of that selective faculty which is possessed by Mr. Ornitz's favorite character to get any pleasure whatsoever from "A Yankee Passional." "I don't skip, Dan," Liam O'Hegerty explains when the boy marvels as "page after page flipped under his agile surgeon's fingers" . . . "I read instinctively . . . I separate ideas from the conventional clutter of phrases." It must be added, however, that the clutter of phrases which constitutes this work is anything but conventional. Mr. Ornitz utilizes a combination of rhapsody, stream-of-consciousness reporting, journalistic exposition, and sheer nonsense to produce a hot welter of intellectual and emotional responses in the reader which, to judge by my own reaction, finally simmers down to indignant irritation.

It is not that "A Yankee Passional" makes difficult reading. The author is sufficiently skillful to render his confusion intelligible—and one does skip. But it is provoking to find so many unnecessary words where the purpose is plain, the theme simple, and every character naive and monochromatic. Indeed, resentment at the fact that Mr. Ornitz buries every oyster of a situation—and very few of them contain the pearl of an idea—in crass and gummous verbiage may obscure the more important critical reaction that, for all its lascivious puppet play, this novel is an acute study of the expression which mysticism must take in modern times.

Mr. Ornitz has a two-fold objective. He

* *

tries to portray the development of a mystic against the materialistic background of the past quarter of a century. And in this he succeeds remarkably well, taking his hero, a Yankee of mixed British blood, through the phases of sex-stirred adolescence and mortifying fanaticism to a dignified self-sufficiency. Until the moment of his tragic disillusionment Dan Matthews believes that he, the Catholic Church, and the United States are all moving in the right direction; but the Cardinal slays his faith, and the patriotic hoodlums of his native town crucify him because his unadulterated Christianity is as repugnant to them as to "His Mystic Body—His Church and His priests."

The other goal that Mr. Ornitz sets himself is to reveal the East Side where he brings Dan Matthews both for purposes of artistic contrast and because it is the *milieu* he knows best. And here, impossible though it may seem for the author of "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," he fails lamentably. His knowledge plays on its poverty and passions and politics, its vice and idealism, its sophistication and stupidity, its peculiarities and its universality; but it does not illumine so much as it distorts. Primarily the fault lies in his confused technique. For, like the beams of powerful searchlights thrown on a large and irregular body from different angles, his varying and inconsistent viewpoints serve rather to deepen shadows and project fantastic shapes than to shed clarifying brilliance. At any rate, one is much more conscious of the monstrosities thus created than of the hidden minutiæ disclosed.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., Editor of the Variorum Shakespeare, has made a unique find in the form of the diary of Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin Booth and himself a Shakespearean actor of note. The diary, written when Booth was a young man, came to light in a dusty storeroom of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, one of the oldest theatres in the country. In the same basket of old papers Dr. Furness discovered a playbill announcement of the elder Booth's appearance in that theatre in "Richard III," and a letter written by a patroness of Convent Garden, New York, introducing him to the managers there and in this way starting him on his way to immortal fame. The diary itself contains comments on a European trip. Dr. Furness plans to present it to its author's grand-daughter, Mrs. Ignatius Booth Crossman of New York, the daughter of Edwin Booth.

Current Christian Thinking
By GERALD B. SMITH
"Here is an invigorating breath of fresh air blowing through a wilderness of theological confusion."—*Unity.*
"Mr. Smith presents an excellent survey of the state of religious thinking in the United States to-day. His sections on Fundamentalism, Modernism and the controversy over evolution are especially good."—*The American Mercury.*
$2.00

Religious Thought in the Last Quarter Century
Edited by
GERALD B. SMITH
Shirley Jackson Case, J. M. P. Smith, Harold R. Willoughby, Ozora S. Davis, and others have contributed to this survey of the recent trends of religious thought. From a survey of the literature published during the last quarter century, they have been able to draw significant conclusions about the whole progress and development of modern religious thinking.
$3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Prunes and Prism
By CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT
"This book is made up of fourteen discursive, whimsical papers, flavored throughout with the *curiosa felicitas* of thought and word which has added to Professor Grandgent's high distinction as a scholar, that quality of the humanist which so appreciably enhances a man's value to his generation and to posterity."—*Harvard Alumni Bulletin.* "Certainly the best-tempered criticism of present-day life that has come from Harvard in a long time."—*Chicago Evening Post.* "He deserves well of all mankind who can give such undiluted pleasure as the reading of these essays holds."—*Transcript.* $2.50
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SALLY OF SHOW ALLEY
By HOMER KING GORDON
THE gay white lights of Broadway form the background of this vivid story. From the time that gay red-headed Sally Larkin makes her first bow before the footlights, the plot moves forward swiftly, surely, breathlessly to her final exit. You will love Sally!
$2.00
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

New French Fiction

VASCO. By MARC CHADOURNE. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1928.

FAITES VOS JEUX. By BERNARD FAY. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1928.

LA FONTAINE DIVINE. By FORTUNE ANDRIEU. Paris: Editions des Cahiers du Sud. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

THE record of a restless soul, seeking to find itself and fleeing from itself, from its heritage of features, manners, habits; seeking peace "from the demons at war within"—to use an Ibsen phrase—in a far-off exotic clime, among people living in the simplicity of an Eden lost to the civilized world; this is the burden of Chadourne's book. It is not a new theme. But whether Mallarmé's poem on "Vasco" inspired it, or "Noa-Noa" by Gauguin and Morice, the author has endowed it with the peculiar fascination which esthetic morbidity rarely fails to exercise on sensitive readers.

Note the beginning of the story: Armistice Day in Tarento; the populace crowding the square, watching the hands of the clock as they approach the hour which is to end the nightmare of four long years—and directly under the clock the pale and languid face of one who is deaf to the triumphant blare of trumpets, blind to the gaily fluttering colors, indifferent to the exalted mood of the moment which has transfigured the most commonplace faces by the touch of an ideal: Peace! "Peace!" repeates the narrator of this strange tale, as he follows the unmoved onlooker, his friend and kin, through the crowded streets into a quiet, cool room in a luxuriant lupanar, deserted by its inmates for the day. "At last it is over!" he adds, and the other murmurs doubtfully: "Over?"

Thus the author strikes the keynote of the story, shows the attitude of Philippe, whom his friends call "Vasco," towards the world into which he had been born. Like his mother, he felt that it was too narrow, too plain a world. Returning from the war, he is unable to resume life as he had known it before, and escapes to that island world of the South Sea which has haunted poets and artists with the lure of life in a land and among people not yet contaminated by civilization. Chadourne traces Philippe's quest for a vague goal through a series of adventures peculiar to life on those islands, until he succumbs to the sinister spell of an individual whose Mephistophelian cynicism and abject decadence infect him and lead to his downfall.

Rebels against the traditions of kinship, the conventions of society, esthetes seeking an intangible ideal of beauty, anarchs placing themselves on a plane beyond good or evil, no longer shock our sensibilities when we meet them in fiction or drama. But a more convincing study of such a character has hardly been achieved by any other writer. A mind warped by a fixed idea, a will paralyzed by endless yearning for something unknown, vacillating between Christ and the Nietzschean Superman, fleeing from others and from himself, Philippe is a subject for psychiatric study. Just before he offers to take the priest's place in the leper colony, he sums up his past in the following confession:

> I have fled from people that bore me, whom I mistrust or whom I hate. The others I do not know. I fled from my country because I had a horror of its narrow confines, only to begin anew the same endless round. . . . What did I want to find at the end of it all, the end of the world? Myself, myself and myself. A man always restless, always desolate, without the courage of getting out of himself. I can go no further, and I do not want to go back. Down there, or here, it will always be the same thing. I have no faith. I can not, I do not know, I do not want to die. Why? I do not know. . . .

❧ ❧

On reading the first four pages of Bernard Fay's book, "Faites vos Jeux," one is struck by the kinship between Chadourne's "Vasco" and the unnamed hero of "La Manille aux Enchères," which introduces the collection of stories, each of which is symbolically named after a game of cards. He, too, revolts against the past in the person of father and mother, home and country, and escapes to America.

At a time when sex in its crude and morbid phases is the theme of innumerable plays and novels, a love story, ideal in conception and poetic in form, seems almost an anomaly. "La Fontaine Divine" evokes memories of Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura. Were it not for the prologue, in which the author produces the documents upon which the novel is founded, one might imagine it the work of a scholar, who, inspired by his studies of that period, had attempted to reproduce the spirt of those immortal loves in modern garb. A modernization has indeed been attempted. M. Andrieu, the grandson of Robert, Count d'Olbie, the hero of the book, felt justified by a remark of his ancestor, to date the story fifty years ahead—instead of 1874, the time is 1925. In the opinion of the reviewer he created an anachronism, for both in spirit and sentiment the story is not of to-day.

The reader of fiction revolving solely around a well-constructed plot will be disappointed in the book, the charm of which lies in the poetic descriptions and the rarified spiritual atmosphere. Moreover, the average novel reader would not have the patience to follow the readings of the Count, who had received his degree from the Sorbonne for a thesis on "Lyrism in the Literature of the Ancients," however interesting his selections from Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and other lyric poetry may have been to his audience at Divonne. They would want to know what was going to happen; and from their point of view, precious little happens.

Foreign Notes

JULIEN BENDA, whose stimulating writing is too little known outside of France, has recently issued a volume that is both interesting and provocative. "La Trahison des Clercs" (Paris: Grasset), as he calls it, is first a development of the thesis that the modern world tends to be governed more and more by political passions and less and less by political ideals, and second a consideration of the attitude of the *clercs*, by which term M. Benda understands what we call the "Intellectuals." These *clercs*, he maintains, should think merely for the end of "thinking rightly," and then proceeds to show how generally they have betrayed the cause of right thinking. He cites among others as blameworthy Barrès, Péguy, Maurras, d'Annunzio, William James, and Kipling. Though there may be many to disagree with his findings, they cannot but be interested in them.

❧ ❧

A reprint of articles which Maximilian Harden wrote in the twenty-five years preceding the War has been issued under the title "Von Versailles nach Versailles (Hellerau bei Dresden: Avalun). The book contains an introductory survey of the whole period.

❧ ❧

What is perhaps the first important book by an Italian upon the early Sienese school has just appeared in "Trecentisti Senesi" (Valori Plastici), a volume in which Emilio Cecchi writes with scholarly critical judgment and yet with animation. The book contains numerous phototype reproductions of Sienese masterpieces.

❧ ❧

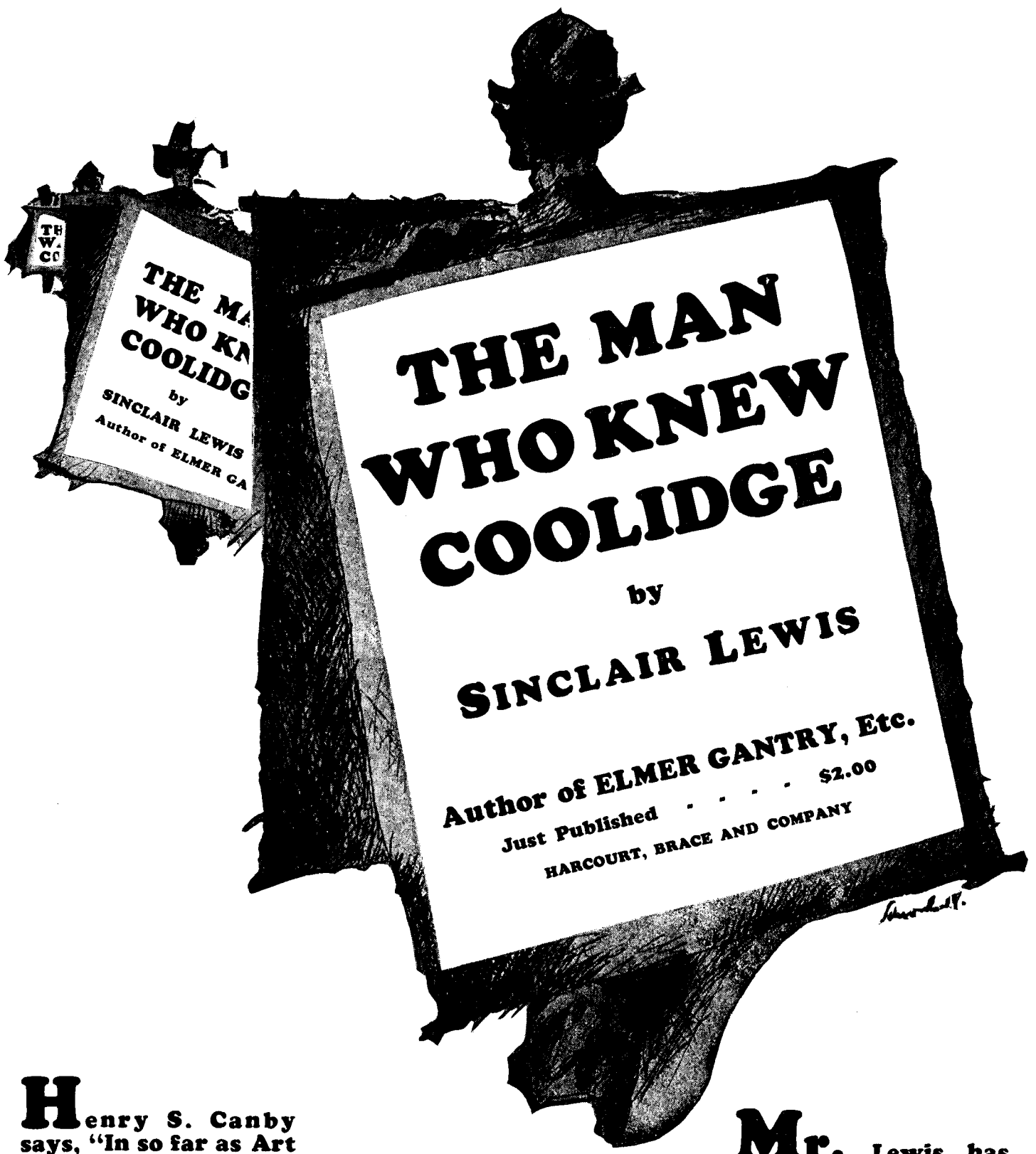
That picturesque genius of contemporary France who alternates between devoting himself with passionate application to painting and spending long periods in a sanitarium for inebriates, Maurice Utrillo, has found an excellent biographer in Francis Carco. His "La Légende et la Vie d'Utrillo" (Paris: Grasset) is a vivid and moving book, full of color and vigor.

❧ ❧

The fourth volume of the "Enciclopedia delle Moderne Arti Decorative Italiane," edited by Guido Carangoni, has recently appeared. The volume, "L'Oreficeria" (Milan: Aschina), is by Carlo A. Felice, and contains a hundred half-tone plates after specimens of modern Italian metalwork, accompanied by an introductory text. This introduction presents a survey of the history of metalworking from the earliest times, with particular emphasis on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as discussing contemporary craftsmanship.

❧ ❧

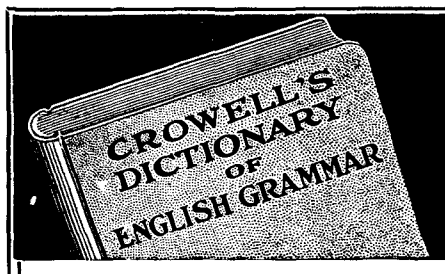
The oldest letter in the world will be on show at the Exhibition of Antiques, which the British Antique Dealers' Association is to hold in the Grafton Galleries next May. Dated 5,000 B. C., the letter refers to a deed of purchase or hire of a field by one Annini from Simti-Ha. It is written in cuneiform characters on fire clay, and when found at Ur was enclosed in a clay envelope. The writer lived in the Dynasty of Laraza, which was the first dynasty of Babylon.



Henry S. Canby says, "In so far as Art is concerned, we may rest content. Sinclair Lewis has it; Lowell Schmaltz is a creation."

Mr. Lewis has devoted all of his satirical genius to this triumph of portraiture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AND HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN USAGE
by
MAURICE H. WESEEN

Principal Subjects Treated in

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY

- Grammatical terms
- Rules of grammar
- Rhetorical terms
- Principles of composition
- Literary terms
- Figures of speech
- Prosodical terms
- Metrical forms
- Critical terms
- Parts of speech
- Syntax
- Irregular verbs
- Common errors in grammar
- Sentence construction
- Idiomatic usages
- Vulgarisms
- Barbarisms
- Colloquialisms
- Slang
- College cant and slang
- Westernisms
- Foreign words and phrases
- Synonyms
- Standards of good usage

THIS invaluable book is the product of years of labor on the part of the author. It is not only a compendium of the chief problems of grammar and American usage, but also is an alphabetized list of stumbling blocks in English, those daily difficulties with which we all meet, together with crudities of construction that keep us from saying what we mean.

It is a usable compendium of grammatical and rhetorical terms and rules, of words frequently misused, and of common errors. It should prove helpful to students in any English course, and an excellent home study text, desk companion, and reference book for all classes of readers.

Cloth, $4.50 Thumb Indexed, $5.00
Leather, $6.00 Thumb Indexed, $6.50

Send for Spring List of Books

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO
393 Fourth Avenue New York.

Points of View

Mr. Hazard Not Shelley

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Dodd is mistaken. Mr. Hazard is not Shelley. He is an imaginary nineteenth century romantic, but he is most of all myself, seasoned by the opinions and trials of several other people. There is no more Shelley in him than there is in my mind and memory, always. How could I conceivably have the insolence to drag Shelley through the pains and humiliations suffered by that poor devil Hazard? Since Hazard is not Shelley, the theory that Hodge is one of Shelley's friends is automatically denied, but please allow me to assure the memory of Thomas Jefferson Hogg that I had no faintest thought of him in writing. Incidentally, he was neither a Whig nor a moralist.

I make this statement, which I had hoped to have said clearly in my preface, because there are many people who love Shelley to whom the idea presented in Mr. Dodd's review appears a violation of something sacred.

ELINOR WYLIE.

New York City.

At Odds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is a dangerous matter for me to open the mail these days, such heavy loads of condemnation fall upon me out of the most inoffensive looking publications. The leading critics of America seem to have acquired the habit of writing several page articles, telling why it is of no use for me to go on writing books. And since there is nothing else in life that I really enjoy doing, you can see how hard it is for me.

Now my old friend, Walter Lippmann, whom I have not seen for fifteen years, renews our acquaintance, and deals with me more in laughter than in anger. But like all the other critics, he says I am hopeless, because I acquired some ideas twenty-five years ago, and have not yet changed them. My refusal implies a belief on my part that I have been right all this time, and that is very egotistical and presumptuous. How much more modest and humble if I could follow the example of my old friend, Walter Lippmann, who resigned from the Socialist party away back in the nineteen-naughties, because it wasn't revolutionary enough, and now objects to it because it is too revolutionary!

A large part of his long article is devoted to a criticism of my novels, because they do not give a true picture of America; they are not accurate. Then, as an illustration of how to be accurate, my friend Walter tells the public that he has not read a novel of mine since the first time Debs ran for president. That historical event occurred in 1900, and my first novel was published in 1902. So your readers can judge how well qualified Walter is to judge the accuracy of my books.

It is very bad taste of me to enter into these discussions with my critics, but Walter has provided me with the excuse. He explains that I am a saint, and not, therefore, expected to be polite. So everybody will understand that I am just being my usual self, if I take up the question whether or not I do really give the Marxian workingmen of Europe a dependable picture of the United States. Walter says I don't, and he ought to know, because he lives here, and the Marxian workingmen of Europe live elsewhere.

That seems to imply that everybody in America agrees with Walter. But, unfortunately for his argument, that isn't the case. The same mail which brought me Walter's article, brought me also a letter from Bolton Hall. To be sure, Bolton Hall was born in Ireland, but then he has lived in the United States for sixty-one years; he was educated at Princeton, an entirely respectable place, and is a practicing lawyer in New York, another entirely respectable place. It seems as if his letter were written especially for the purpose of answering my friend Walter. He says:

"Oil!" is immense: it ought to be advertised as a practical money-grabbers' hand-book. Besides that, I find it very "inciting," as my little boy used to say. I have had large and intimate intercourse with all the kinds of people in the book, and can certify that not one, so far as I have got (p. 306) is overdrawn or distorted. I think I could put names from my acquaintances to probably every one of them. I'd recommend it to any young person who sighs to get rich rather than any of the "Success" systems—and I know them practically all. It is a dramatization of the principle of 'Thrift.' You are doing more to stir up the people than Bernard Shaw, and in a way that far more of them can grasp."

I am going to send a copy of "Oil!" to my friend, Walter Lippman, with my inscription on the fly-leaf, asking him to read it, and give me one more chance—the first since 1900, which was before I started!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Can you tell me the name and author of a short poem in the form, as I remember it, of a farewell from one who is about to die and who says to the person to whom the poem is addressed that he is just going round the corner and, when the other follows him, will be found waiting there "sitting on a stile"? I think I have seen it attributed to Stevenson, but do not find it in his collected poems.

I may say that I am a subscriber to your valued publication.

MASON TROWBRIDGE.

Montclair, N. J.

Burns's Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I ask the favor of space in your columns for the substance of the following?

I am engaged in preparing a complete text edition of the letters of Robert Burns, re-edited from the original manuscripts. I have traced and collated more than two hundred letters in public and private collections in this country, but I am sure I have missed many others which are now in private hands.

If any owners of such letters will write to me, either at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, or in care of the Oxford University Press, 35 West 32nd Street, New York, I shall deeply appreciate their help, and shall be glad to arrange to visit their collections.

J. DELANCEY FERGUSON.

To stimulate the interest of authors in raising the standards of literature for young girls a prize contest of $2000 for the best book of fiction for girls has been offered by *The American Girl Magazine*, published by the Girl Scouts, and Harper & Brothers.

Incredible Siberia
By
JUNIUS B. WOOD
European Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News
Hilarious and illuminating adventure in a land that no one knows.
Fully Illustrated, $4.00

Rasputin
By
PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF
"The best murder story of the year's crop" (*The Outlook*), and true too!
Illustrated, $5.00

The Hotel
A new novelist—a first edition of 60,000 copies! Read "The Hotel" and see why.
By Elizabeth Bowen
"Such wit, such intelligence, such enjoyable people."—*Rose Macaulay.*
"It is a brilliant and triumphant book."—*Christopher Morley.*
$2.50

Black Democracy
By
H. P. DAVIS
of Port-au-Prince
The amazing story of Haiti, past and present, by a recognized authority.
Illustrated, $5.00

The Misbehaviorists
By
HARVEY WICKHAM
Watson, Freud, Wiggam, Dorsey, Durant, and others — prophets of "Misbehaviorism"!
Illustrated, $3.50

The Book of the Month Club selection for April—The Hotel

Alice in the Delighted States
By EDWARD HOPE
Columnist of the N.Y. Herald-Tribune
A new humorist makes his bow. The funniest book in years. Read it and laugh and laugh!
Illustrated by Rea Irvin, after Sir John Tenniel. $2.50

The Catholic Spirit in America
By GEORGE N. SHUSTER
Associate Editor of *The Commonweal*
An important book for this Presidential year. Indorsed by Catholics everywhere. Answers the question as to how one can be both an American and a Catholic. $3.00

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS ~ NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., TORONTO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE TECHNIQUE OF PENCIL DRAWING. Written and illustrated by BOROUGH JOHNSON. Pitman. 1928. $6.

The author of this book has exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy, and so on. In his brief foreword, Frank Brangwyn says of him:

> This book is written and illustrated by an artist whose fine draughtsmanship, sincere observation and feeling for character, are too well known to need any recommendation from me.

Selwyn Image, sometime Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, adds "A Note on Pencil Drawing" in which he stresses the importance of "the severer and more searching study of pure form with the point of a hard pencil." In his own introduction, the author says of his volume:

> In this book I do not claim to teach drawing, much less create an artist. Written words and illustrations, however eloquent they may be, cannot prove to be so efficient and practical an instructor as personal demonstration by an able draughtsman, but it is my hope that I can make the difficult road shorter and easier for the intelligent student if he goes to Nature for his impressions, drawing everything he sees in his own way, in his sketchbook with ever-handy pencil.

Little may be added to this save to say that the chapters of Mr. Borough Johnson's book, and the fine plates, will prove of high value to the natural draughtsman desiring to develop the technique of the pencil. From a first chapter on actual materials, the author goes on to discuss the value of rapid and essential outline, individuality of expression, shading, outdoor sketching, and figure drawing. A number of his illustrations show the transition of the finished picture from the original outline. The publishers are to be complimented upon the excellent reproduction of the drawings.

THE IRON AGE IN ITALY. By *David Randall-MacIver*. Oxford University Press. $28.

GERMAN BAROQUE ART. By *Sacheverell Sitwell*. Doubleday, Doran.

COLOUR IN ART AND DAILY LIFE. By *M. Bernstein*. Translated by M. Granges Watkin. McBride. $2.50 net.

ARCHITECTURE. By *A. L. N. Russell*. Dutton. $3.

PICTURES AND PAINTING. By *Margaret H. Bulley*. Dutton. $3.

MERYON. By *Lois Delteil*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE ART OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By *Leonard Richmond*. Pitman. $7.50.

CHINESE PAINTING. By *John G. Ferguson*. University of Chicago Press.

Belles Lettres

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SAVANT. By CHARLES RICHET. Translated by SIR OLIVER LODGE. Doran. 1927. $2.

"Check your hat and ectoplasm" was only a little while ago a favorite sign in Paris restaurants, and already the ectoplasm is one with the snows of yesteryear. It looks as if Charles Richet's claim to permanent remembrance will rest less on his discovery of that marvellous something or nothing than on his solid contributions to physiology and medicine. Those misled by the presence of his name and that of Sir Oliver Lodge on the same title-page into expectations of occult mysteries will be sadly disappointed. "The Natural History of a Savant," published as "Le Savant" in 1923, is simply a light and whimsical discussion, with a serious undertone, of the typical characteristics of the research scientist. If a little shorter it might have been given as an address before the French Academy, and were it less exclusively Gallic in its allusions it might well serve as a useful reference book to hard-pressed after-dinner speakers anywhere.

THREE OXFORD IRONIES. Edited by *George Gordon*. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

ICONOCLASTES OR THE FUTURE OF SHAKESPEARE. By *Hubert Griffith*. Dutton.

POMONA OR THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH. By *Basil de Selincourt*. Dutton.

CATULLUS AND HORACE. By *Tenney Frank*. Holt. $3.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS. By *J. C. Squire*. Holt. $2.

LAUGHING. By *Martin Armstrong*. Harpers.

Biography

BROTHER SCOTS. By DONALD CARSWELL. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $3.50.

Mr. Carswell walks very deftly in the footsteps of Mr. Strachey, and it must be confessed that the English "debunkers" do their work, when they do it well, with a lighter touch than the American. Whether they are any more essentially just may perhaps be doubted. Mr. Strachey's Dr. Arnold does not account for the effect of Arnold any more, perhaps less, than Mr. Paxton Hibben for Beecher. Arnold was not futile or absurd, nor was Beecher a mountebank. The essential in each was some kind of power, in Arnold remarkable, in Beecher phenomenal. Mr. Carswell's Henry Drummond does not seem to me quite fair either. We never met Drummond but once, but he did not seem to us altogether like Mr. Carswell's Drummond. Dwight L. Moody appears frequently in the Drummond essay, and Mr. Carswell does not seem to us—in comparing it with Mr. Bradford's Moody—to have "got" Moody. One naturally wouldn't if one had a strong distaste for evangelical revivals and all their ways, just as such a distaste for Jesuitism would probably prevent an intimate understanding of Ignatius Loyola.

Mr. Carswell's John Stuart Blackie may be exaggerated but it is vivid and delightful. But his story of Robertson Smith is the gem of the book. It is a Robertson Smith that most of us know nothing about, not so much the author of "Religion of the Semites" as the defendant in a Scotch heresy trial. That would not seem likely to be interesting now; but Mr. Carswell makes it dramatic and absorbing by his narrative skill and his sharply sketched characters. Of Robertson Smith himself he has drawn an unforgetable portrait.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Edited by ***Ednah D. Cheney***. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

APEHRA BEHN. By *V. Sackville-West*. Viking. $2.

ANNIE BESANT. By *Geoffrey West*. Viking. $2.

SAM HOUSTON. By *George Creel*. Cosmopolitan.

RHODES. By *J. G. McDonald*. McBride. $5 net.

THE "ALSO RANS." By *Don C. Seitz*. Crowell. $3.50 net.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS. By *Thomas Francis Moran*. Crowell. $2.50 net.

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON. By *Earl of Ronaldshay*. Vol. I. Boni & Liveright. $5.

MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO. By *Egon Cæsar Count Corti*. Knopf. 2 vols.

MAD FOLK OF THE THEATRE. By *Otis Skinner*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF THOMAS LUPSET. By *John Archer Gee*. Yale University Press. $5.

PORTRAITS OF THE NEW CENTURY. By *E. T. Raymond*. Doubleday, Doran. $4 net.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. Edited by *Sir John Fortescue*. Vol. V. Macmillan. $8.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS. Edited by *Clifton Johnson*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF QUALITY, 1774-1776. Edited by *Evangeline Walker Andrews* and *Charles McLean Andrews*. Yale University Press. $4.

CAMBRIC TEA. By *Rebecca Lowrie*. Harpers. $2.

THE MEMOIRS OF LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE, DUCHESSE DE MONTPENSIER. Translated by *Grace Hart Seeley*. $3.

MY JEANNE D'ARC. By *Michael Monahan*. *Century*. $3.

NAPOLEON THE MAN. By *R. McNair Wilson*. Century. $5.

Fiction

THE SIAMESE CAT. By LEON UNDERWOOD. Brentanos. 1928. $3.

Mr. Underwood is a distinguished painter and engraver. The cuts he has done for his book, jacket and cover decorations and interpolated illustrations of the text, are almost uniformly interesting, and have humor and fantasy. As for his narrative, it is a nonsense story webbed with satire; but we must confess that we found it very tedious. The departure of the Siamese cat aboard ship for England was enlivened by certain preposterous episodes not without their amusing quality, the atmosphere of the ship was rather well rendered; but, on arrival in England, when Sam encounters the League of English Arts, becomes a reformer and philosopher and interminable arguer, the congested and confused nature of Mr. Underwood's writing removes all charm from his fantasy. Toward the end, certain words of Sam's (the cat's) seem to

(*Continued on page 747*)

H|B

The Book in Italy

Facsimile reproductions of the most famous printed volumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, collected under the auspices of the Royal Italian Minister of Instruction. Introduction by DOTT. COMM. GUIDO BIAGI, *late librarian of the Royal Medicean—Laurentian Library, Florence, with explanatory text by*

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

NOTE: The Book in Italy has been entirely subscribed in the bookstores where a few copies may still be available. Limited edition of 750 copies. Price $15.00. There will be no other edition of this book.

Harper & Brothers

ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS

By

CHRISTINE PARMENTER

WHO hasn't suffered from the grievous social error of living on the wrong side of town? This is the entertaining story of how a family, socially ostracized in an exclusive mid-western town, crossed the bridge.

$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE DUTTON BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR APRIL

Reeds and Mud

by VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Considered by the critics Ibanez' best novel. An unconventional, colorful, love story of Spain. $2.50

THE DUTTON BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR APRIL

¶ "REEDS AND MUD" HAS BEEN SELECTED BY OUR EDITORIAL BOARD AS OUR APRIL BOOK OF THE MONTH.

¶ EACH YEAR THOUSANDS OF MANUSCRIPTS ARE SUBMITTED TO OUR EDITORIAL OFFICE. EACH YEAR WE PUBLISH BETWEEN 200 AND 300 BOOKS.

¶ EACH MONTH, FROM THESE BOOKS, OUR EDITORIAL BOARD WILL SELECT ONE BOOK WHICH BECAUSE OF ITS LITERARY VALUE OR IMPORTANCE OR GENERAL INTEREST IS THE OUTSTANDING BOOK FOR THAT PARTICULAR MONTH.

¶ TO OBTAIN THE DUTTON BOOK OF THE MONTH SIMPLY GO INTO THE NEAREST BOOK SHOP AND ASK FOR A COPY.

¶ OR, IF YOU PREFER, FILL OUT THE ATTACHED COUPON LEAVING IT WITH YOUR BOOKSELLER OR MAILING IT DIRECT TO E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY.

E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City

☐ *Please send me your book of the month for April.* (*Check enclosed*) $2.50
☐ *Please send and bill me each Book of the Month as published.*
☐ *Please send me each month your circular describing the Dutton Book of the Month.*

Name _____

Address _____

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DIARY OF
THOMAS DE QUINCEY
EDITED BY H. A. EATON
6.00
A REPLICA OF A MANUSCRIPT NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

"Read... marvel and be enthralled."
—*New York Sun.*
THE GREENE MURDER CASE
A Philo Vance Story
by
S. S. Van Dine
At all bookstores
$2.00 Scribners

RUDYARD KIPLING
ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS OF HIS FIRST EDITIONS EVER ASSEMBLED, INCLUDING RAREST WORKS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE
PHOENIX BOOK SHOP
41 East 49th Street New York

The Wits' Weekly

Competition No. 26. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best parody, "If Swinburne had written 'The Man with the Hoe.'" (Entries may be fragmentary, but must not exceed thirty lines and they should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of April 16th.)

Competition No. 27. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best fragment (in not more than forty lines of rhymed verse) from an "Ode to Freud." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 23rd.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the amended rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-THIRD COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best short lyric containing neither the letter S nor the word *and*.

Won by S. B. Wale, of Germantown, Pa. David McCord, Fox Butler, Lenore Glen, Homer M. Parsons, and F. H. G. are awarded special consolation prizes. Each will be sent a recently published book.

THE PRIZE LYRIC

HORACE BOOK II. ODE VIII

MIGHT I perceive your beauty
Dimmed faintly by the blight
Of one fair tooth or finger-tip
I could forgive you quite.
But when I find you thriving,
From each deceit deriving
New grace for new contriving,
I loathe you, my delight.

You vow that you are faithful
By all your honored dead,
By each undying deity
Above your haughty head;

Then you who merit killing
Find Aphrodite willing
Your new light love fulfilling
With her keen arrow dread.
Our young men throng about you,
A larger crowd each day.
Rejected they may flout you,
But cannot go away.
Old men avoid you fearful,
No mother can be cheerful,
The new wife waxeth tearful
When you are out for prey.

S. B. WALE.

There were more than two hundred entries—a record number—of which at least twenty reached the prize-winning standard. The average level of the verse was never higher since *The Wits' Weekly* began.

I should, perhaps, have asked for a poem without a sibilant, since one little group of competitors (of whom Helen McKelvey was the best) only banished the letter S in favor of C and Z. David McCord led a number of lispers with these neat lines:

Poetth all, thaid Robert Graveth,
Dead or living, are the thlaveth
Of the letter "eth" which theemth
Woven in the thtuff of dreamth,
Thickly thpread in thtarth (or thhipth),
Wordth on every poet'th lipth.
Nothing but rethtriction here
Neceththitateth thith cavalier
Thubthtitution; which injunction
Altho barth a thweet conjunction.

Thith very nearly won the prieth. Jean Helm's righteous indignation broke out in a spray of S's and *ands* after some argumentative lines to the theme:

Then bid the painter paint with blue forgot!
Bid one to harp,—with broken lute perform
The tune of heaven, fettered to the earth.

The best in the second category was Lenore Glen's "A Windy Morning," which is printed below, together with Fox Butler's charming "Advice." Homer M. Parsons and F. H. G., both old prize-winners, plunged very successfully into negro dialect. Their verses also follow. Others whose poems I warmly commend are Fox Butler (for a second entry, "Anticipation"), C. W. Avery, M. F. Melcher (for "April"), Parker Tyler (for "Frigid"), H. Anthony, M. B. Huntington, M. T., "Amiens," and J. C. Threlfall. S. B. Wale, I think, deserves the prize for a free, but polished, translation of Horace, Book II, Ode VIII.

ADVICE

If you would find, my lady,
Your love, your counterpart,
Look not for him by moonlight,—
'Twill dazzle eye or heart;
The cold, deceitful candle
Will play the traitor too,
The firelight paint to brilliance
An unromantic hue.
Nay, long you for your lover,
Or hunt him how you may,
You cannot match your color
Except you judge by day.

FOX BUTLER.

LULLABY

Dar now, dar now, don't yo' cry,
Honey chile;
Mam g'wine croon yo' lullaby,
Honey chile.
Cricket chirp a good-night tune,
Frog begin to "chug-a-roon,"
Little fox bark at de moon,
Honey chile.

Dar now, Mam won't leave yo' 'lone,
Honey chile,
Hold yo', rock yo' lak her own,
Honey chile.
Put yo' head down on yo' Mam,
Great big feather-bed, Ah am!
Dream 'bout hot co'n-pone wif ham,
Honey chile.

Dar now, ain't he drap off nice?
Honey chile,
Only rock him once or twice,
Honey chile.
Mam cain't bear to have yo' grow,
When yo' reach clear to de flo',
Mam cain't rock her boy no mo',
Honey chile.

F. H. G.

BOW DOWN, NEBUCHADNEZZAR!

De ol' king holler out, fitten to kill:
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
"I'm de king on the Babylon hill!"
(Oh, Lawd, de long road home.)

De Lawd done hear him bellerin' away;
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
De Lawd done tell him—"You gwine eat hay."
(Oh, Lawd, de long road home.)

De ol' king graze on de prairie lan',
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
Chompin' wid de teef, clawin' wid de han'.
(Oh, Lawd, de long road home.)

De dew f'm Hebben fall all aroun';
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
De king git de rheumatiz layin' on de groun'.
(Oh, Lawd, de long road home.)

He et wid de oxen till he like to die;
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
He beller like a bull, when he want to cry.
(Oh, Lawd, de long road home.)

Den de good Lawd lif' him up f'm de clod,
(Bow down, Nebuchadnezzar!)
Mek de ol' king cry out, "Glory to God!"
(Hallelujah! We purt' nigh home.)

HOMER M. PARSONS.

A WINDY MORNING

March had come merrily in with that clear, chilly morning;
Her perfume breathed on me the minute I flung up the blind—
"Wait for me, wind," I cried, leaning far out from the window,
"Wait for me, fleet-footed, winged-heeled wind!"

"For to-day I would run with you over the half-frozen meadow,
Over the creek, through the wood; I am fleet—I will race
With you, March wind, to win! though my breath freeze within me,
Though my blood turn to ice in your airy embrace.

"You called;—every daffodil-blade in my garden had heard you,
Had climbed an inch higher before I awoke to the dawn.—
Wait, wait for me, wind! Come down to me, float for a moment,
Only give me your hand, that the weight on my heart may be gone!"

I heard but a dim humming murmur. The wind had gone by,
For her fine ear, attuned to the mightier,
Lovelier chorale of mountain, of water
Had no heed for my faint-echoed cry;
Her wing-beat grew farther, grew fainter. The laughing bright wind had gone by.

LENORE GLEN.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

What is happening to the children of the "Four Hundred?" In this story of the younger Portlands and their encounter with an indifferent world, Mr. Barretto has written a moving drama of the passing of the old New York aristocracy.

By Larry Barretto
Old Enchantment

"Written with poise and charm, and presents a moving phase of the great city's growth."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"By far his best novel . . . . ably constructed, dramatic, civilized . . . 'Old Enchantment' deserves a huge following."—*John Farrar in The Bookman.*

$2.00 at all booksellers

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, Publishers, New York

THE SQUARE EMERALD
By
FOSTER JOHNS
A stolen jewel and . . . a detective who plays his own hand . . . make up the new mystery story by the author of "The Victory Murders."
$2.00
JOHN DAY
Publishers

Who reads short stories nowadays?

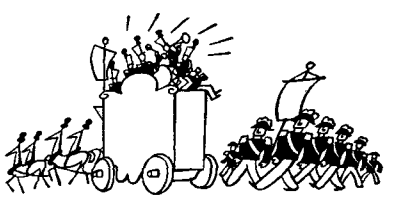
Here are two recent collections which critics have enthusiastically applauded:

The Arrested Moment by Charles Caldwell Dobie. A selection of the best of Mr. Dobie's stories, each of which has been triple-starred by Edward J. O'Brien. $2.50

Luck by Mary Arden. Pictures of modern life by a young English writer working in the genre of Katherine Mansfield.
$2.00

JOHN DAY
Publishers

"The final all-inclusive footnote on Babbittry."—Time



"To have and to hold such a jolly interpretative analysis as 'The Great American Band Wagon' is to drink a round of mental cocktails."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*

The
Great American Band Wagon
By CHARLES MERZ
Decorations by Howard W. Willard $3.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY ~ Publishers ~ New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 745*)

us excellently to characterize the volume's shortcomings:

> Eyes, ears, and intellects are useless without coördination at headquarters, said Sam, —to me it appears like writing books in magic ink, the words of which disappear when one tries to understand their meaning, though they must need to be all put into it just the same —but in such a way that the purity of their form is jealous of their meaning.

This, veritably, is one of the book's written in magic ink. It endeavors to go ever further than Lewis Carroll nonsense and the result is merely tiresome. There is lack of "coördination at headquarters." In the description of the Siamese cat's voyage to America at the end, a little of the gusto of the descriptions of the earlier sea-voyage returns. Mr. Underwood is at his best when travestying life on a ship. But the book as a whole is a welter, and the words *do* disappear when one tries to understand their meaning. As for the occasional verses that interlard the story—they are really perfectly terrible.

REEDS AND MUD. By *Vicente Blasco Ibañez*. Translated by *Isaac Goldberg*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE RANCHO OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. By *Forbes Heermans*. Stratford. $2.

THE NINTH CIRCLE. By *Harwood Steele*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

BEGGARS OF THE SEA. By *Stephen Elmer Slocum*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

QUEER STREET. By *John Wiley*. Scribners. $2.

THE BLACK CAP. By *Cynthia Asquith*. Scribners. $2.

THEY COULD NOT SLEEP. By *Struthers Burt*. Scribners. $2.

THE BURYING ROAD. By *Mary Wiltshore*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

QUICKSAND. By *Nella Larsen*. Knopf. $2.50.

PLEASURE IF POSSIBLE. By *Karl K. Kitchen*. Henkle. $2.50.

LOVE AND THE LADIES. By *Eleanor Hallowell Abbott*. Appleton. $2.

BEWITCHED. By *J. Barbey d'Aurevilly*. Harpers. $2.

PATROL. By *Philip Macdonald*. Harpers. $2.

POOR LITTLE FOOL. By *Fulton Oursler*. Harpers. $2.

KNUCKLES. By *Clarence Budington Kelland*. Harpers. $2.

WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF. By *Louis Tucker*. Bobbs-Merrill.

"NEVADA." By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $2.

WARPED IN THE MAKING. By *H. Ashton-Wolfe*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE IMPERIAL DRAGON. By *Judith Gautier*. Brentano. $2.50.

MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE. By *Elizabeth Jordan*. Century. $2.

THE DEADLOCK. By *V. V. Vieressaev*. Century. $2.

GIPSY FORTUNES. By *Dorothy Greve Jarnagan*. Century. $2.

FOR LOVE OF A SINNER. By *Robert Gordon Anderson*. Century. $2.

THE SHORES OF ROMANCE. By *George Gibbs*. Appleton. $2.

THE COWARD. By *Neal Wainwright*. Payson & Clarke.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK. By *Mercedes de Acosta*. Longmans, Green. $2.

QUEX. By *Douglas Jerrold*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE FAR CALL. By *Edison Marshall*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

SONS OF THE MORNING. By *Eden Phillpotts* (Widecombe Edition). Macmillan.

NOT TO BE OPENED. By *Lloyd Osbourne*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

KARIN'S MOTHER. By *Margaret Goldsmith*. Payson & Clarke. $2.

THE SUN OF THE DEAD. By *Ivan Shmelov*. Dutton. $2.50.

WE HAVE CHANGED ALL THAT. By *Herbert Quick* and *Elena Stepanoff Macmahon*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE FIFTH PESTILENCE. By *Alexei Remijov*. Payson & Clarke.

SHADOWS BY THE SEA. By *J. Jefferson Farjeon*. Dial. $2.

THE SILENT HOUSE. By *John G. Brandon*. Dial. $2.

THE DANCE OF DEATH. By *Algernon Blackwood*. Dial. $2.

AIMEE VILLARD. By *Charles Silvestre*. Translated by *Marjorie Henry Ilsley* and *Renée Jardin*. Macmillan. $1.75.

CRIMSON ROSES. By *Grace Livingston Hill*. Lippincott. $2.

THE KILLER'S PROTEGEE. By *Robert J. Horton*. McClurg.

THE MASTER MIND OF MARS. By *Edgar Rice Burroughs*. McClurg.

HEAVY LADEN. By *Philip Wylie*. Knopf.

THE DRAGON OF LUNG WANG. By Marion *Harvey*. Clode. $2.

THE BEACON. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Widecombe Edition. Macmillan.

OLD SWORDS. By *Val Gielgud*. Houghton Mifflin.

DAMASCUS STEEL. By *M. E. Murphy*. Doubleday, Doran.

FRANCE IS FULL OF FRENCHMEN. By *lewis galantière*. payson & clarke. $2.

A FOOL IN THE FOREST. By *Anthony Pryde* and *R. K. Weekes*, Dodd, Mead. $2.

Juvenile

GROWING UP. By *Karl de Schweinitz*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE HOUSE OF MANY STAIRWAYS. By *Hammel Johnson*. Appleton. $1.75.

ADVENTURES OF TOM MARVEL. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. Appleton.

THE JOLLY ROGER. By *Joseph Louis French*. Bradley. $2.50.

THE CHILDREN'S KING. By *Elizabeth Edland*. Abingdon. 75 cents.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS. By *Stanley Vestal*. New York: Lyons & Carnahan. $1.25.

RIVER GOLD. By *Mary Paxton*. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE TAMER OF HERDS. By *Francis Rolt-Wheeler*. Appleton. $1.75.

THROUGH THE LANE OF STARS. By *Sister M. Eleanore*. Appleton. $2.

SPRINDLE-SPOOKS. By *Zillah K. Macdonald*. Appleton. $1.75.

RUTH AND ROBERT. By *Heléne R. G. Bosch*. Macmillan.

COMRADES OF THE KEY. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. Century. $1.75.

PENNIE. By *Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb*. Putnam. $1.50.

THE GYPSY STAR. By *Elaine Sterne Carrington*. Harpers. $1.75.

LULLABY LAND. By *Hildegard Lupprian*. Milton Bradley.

Miscellaneous

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PHI BETA KAPPA. By *Clark Sutherland Northup*. New York: Elisha Parmele Press.

THE TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON. Edited by Lewis Melville. Day. $3.50 net.

MY DOG FRIENDS. By *John Burroughs*. Edited by Clara Barrus. Houghton Mifflin.

AN ELEGANT HISTORY OF POLITICAL PARTIES. By *Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.* Duffield. $2.

ALMANACH FRANCO-AMERICAIN. Moniteur Franco-Américain, 22 East 60th Street, New York.

MY HAPPY CHIMPANZEE. By *Cherry Kearton*. Dodd, Mead. $1.

ABSTRACTS OF THESES. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Philosophy

INTELLIGENCE AND MENTAL GROWTH. By *C. A. Claremont*. Norton. $1.

THE WORKS OF PLATO. Abridged and Edited by Irwin Edman. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

THE WORKS OF SCHOPENHAUER. Abridged and Edited by Will Durant. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By *Horatio W. Dresser*. Crowell. $3 net.

RELIGIO MILITIS. By *Austin Hopkinson*. Scribners. $2.50.

BACON SELECTIONS. Edited by *Matthew Thompson McClure*. Scribners. $1.25.

LOCKE SELECTIONS. Edited by *Sterling P. Lamprecht*. Scribners. $1.25.

MAN AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By *Evelyn Underhill*. Dutton. $2.

Poetry

NEW VOICES. By MARGUERITE WILKINSON. Macmillan. 1928. $2.50.

This is a new edition with new material of the late Mrs. Wilkinson's excellent book on contemporary poetry. Mrs. Wilkinson studied the patterns, diction, organic rhythm, images, and symbols of all the best versifiers of the day. She treated both conservatives and radicals broad-mindedly, discussed the treatment of love, religion, and democracy in current work, had a chapter on the poetry of the late War, supplied ample quotation of many poems in full and of illustrative fragments of many others. This book, with one of Amy Lowell's, Louis Untermeyer's critical volume on American poetry, and the compilation of Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, completes a first-rate reference library of the poetry written in the United States today.

WIND OUT OF BETELGEUSE. By *Margaret Tod Ritter*. Macmillan. $1.25.

TOWNS AND TOWERS. By *Mabel R. Coffey*. Vinal. $1.50.

FIREFLIES. By *Rabindranath Tagore*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE RING AND THE BOOK. By *Robert Browning*. Crowell. $2 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

Fishers of Men

By GLENN CLARK

A book of practical helpfulness for those who would exert their love, faith, and sympathy in the saving of others. $2.00

✠ ✠ ✠

Now in its eighth printing

The Soul's Sincere Desire

By GLENN CLARK

The personal record of a man who has learned to pray as naturally as to breathe, and whose every prayer is answered. $2.00

These "Atlantic Monthly Press Publications" are for sale at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & CO. Publishers

The English best-seller

LAWRENCE and the ARABIAN ADVENTURE

A drawing by Augustus John

by ROBERT GRAVES, Lawrence's close friend, has just been published by DOUBLEDAY DORAN.

NOTE: This book, based on letters, conversation, and the famous $20,000 "Seven Pillars of Wisdom", reveals the story Lawrence himself could never tell; among other things how:

1 Lawrence, an English officer but King Feisal's adviser, appeared at Buckingham Palace in Arab dress. When reproved, he answered, "If a man must offend one of his two masters, he should offend the stronger."

2 He scolded the British cabinet and reduced Lord Curzon to tears.

3 He personally reproved the King of England.

4 While a student at Oxford he read 50,000 books.

5 In the course of the Revolt in the Desert he was wounded twenty-one times.

6 Enthusiastic Arabs tried to arrange a marriage between Lawrence, "uncrowned king of Arabia", and Gertrude Bell, "uncrowned queen."

At all book stores $3

Fifth Large Printing

JAMES STEPHENS' New Book

"IF I were venturing forth today to buy a book, I should walk straight to the fiction counter and demand *Etched in Moonlight*, sight unseen . . . James Stephens' name on a book is like the hallmark on silver." HARRY HANSEN in the *N. Y. World*

"I VENTURE to say there is not another story teller in the world who could touch unmistakably with life the pattern of *Etched in Moonlight*. You simply cannot go wrong with James Stephens." WALTER YUST in the *Philadelphia Ledger*

"HAD he never written another line these short stories would establish his claim to greatness . . One does not sit down to rave about James Stephens, any more than one sits down to rave about the Woolworth Building or the 'Immaculate Conception' of Murillo. One accepts him, and any attempt to heap adjectives upon him comes too close to painting the lily."

GEORGE CURRIE in the *Brooklyn Eagle*

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · · NEW YORK · · $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So brilliantly well done that the reader is conscious less of good writing than of actually living with the Bissakers themselves. Genius or not, Theo is the complete portrait of an artist in the family; it is a sympathetically drawn portrait as well as a splendid novel."
—*The New Yorker*

An Artist In The Family

by SARAH G. MILLIN

Author of
GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, Etc.

2nd large edition

At all bookstores, $2.50

Boni & Liveright, N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

The **"Also Rans"** **or**

Men Who Missed the Presidency

By DON C. SEITZ

Veteran Journalist and Political Expert

MR. SEITZ knows the political game as well as any living man. In a series of brilliant, searching stories he traces the careers of such men as Burr, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Blaine and other "also rans"—men who were often more able than the ones who nosed them out for the highest prize in the gift of the nation.

Illustrated from photographs and rare cartoons

$3.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO
393 Fourth Avenue New York

CELEBRATED TRIALS

AND REMARKABLE CASES OF CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS TO THE YEAR 1825

BY GEORGE BORROW

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

Roget's International
THESAURUS
"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
393 Fourth Ave., New York

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

CHRISTIANITY AND THE PRESENT MORAL UNREST. Edited by A. D. LINDSAY. Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.

In the year 1924 British and American religious journals were intensely interested in Copec. Copec was the Conference on Politics, Economics, and Christianity, held that year in the city of Birmingham. It was one of the most representative gatherings and thorough-going discussions of ethical idealists in recent years. The present volume is an outcome of the Conference. Several writers, including the editor, discuss the fitness of Christianity to meet various modern moral problems, personal, industrial, and political. The American reader may be at first unmoved by the sobriety of presentations meant for popular consumption, much more restrained than our typical pseudo-scientific volumes moving so grandly amongst half developed ideas. But if he is wise, he will find the rich values of British maturity and culture which the volume contains.

The editor's discussion of Justice pictures a society without too many fixed standards of conduct, yet ordered by a standard of the good life, "rather a common ethic than a code or set of explicit principles," obligations and privileges fluctuating with capacities. The study of Conflicting Obligations by Professor Hetherington of Glasgow, and the chapter on Economics by H. G. Wood of Birmingham, are illuminating. Trica Lindsay's chapter on the Family and Professor J. Arthur Thomson's on the Biological View seem not to be as fruitful for reconstructive ethics as they might be though the one advocates birth control and the other claims a Nature that selects for survival the loving as well as the combative. By several of the writers there is an approach toward the idea of the ethics of productivity, yet by none of them is the conception developed as it should be. Bishop William Temple of Manchester gives it the most clear statement: "Hardly anything would do more to take the bitterness out of life than a strong sense in all members of the community that they entered their trade or profession, and then practised it, as their main sphere for serving God and man."

THE AGONY OF CHRISTIANITY. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Payson & Clarke. 1928. $2.

Of the many contemporary philosophers who have found their philosophy incompatible with Christianity, Miguel de Unamuno seems to be the only one to sorrow deeply over the result. Where the others have made some sort of peace with their respective naturalistic or idealistic universes, equally aloof from Christianity, Unamuno stands at the crossways and cries "There is no peace!" Perhaps the Catholicism of Spain is more deeply rooted than the Christianity of the North; perhaps Unamuno's indifference to both science and dialectic is responsible for his feeling that the world is worthless without religion; at any rate, unable to sacrifice either faith or reason, he clings to both while reiterating that they are irreconcilable. He has constructed a kind of philosophy of antinomies, making its home in the heart of contradictions, not with the view of reconciling them but to sense to the full their tension.

In "The Agony of Christianity" he explores the field of Christian thought, so fertile in contradictions, to emphasize the inevitable clash between its mystical unworldliness and the inescapable demands of life. In passing discussions of Blaise Pascal and Père Hyacinthe he has sympathetic themes on which he writes well, and in his diatribes against the Jesuits for mechanizing faith itself he writes equally well. Elsewhere his style is tamer; there is much naive pedantry and a good deal of allegorizing in the manner of an early Church Father. He is somewhat too fond of the word "agony"—which appears on every other page; somewhat too proud of being an agonist himself. When the tragic hero becomes so conscious of his romantic position that he devotes a great deal of attention to remaining a tragic hero, he is in grave danger of passing over into comedy. The true agonist does not cry, "Come and see me agonize." Unamuno's heightened self-consciousness and his Basque love of the heroic pose do some injustice to his deeply personal and, at bottom, sincere and intriguing philosophy.

THE THUMB BIBLE OF JOHN TAYLOR. By *Wilbur Macey Stone*. Brookline, Mass.: Luximos.

PREACHING VALUES. By *Halford E. Luccock*. Abingdon. $2.

THAT I MAY SAVE SOME. By *Bishop William Fraser McDowell*. Abingdon. $1.

Science

ANIMAL BIOLOGY. By J. B. S. HALDANE AND JULIAN HUXLEY. Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.50.

This small text book of animal biology will be found very useful for superior high school and college students. It is quite unique in the fact that it is thoroughly scientific throughout, but not burdened with needless details which frequently prove confusing to the inexperienced student. The physiology of the mammal is presented in some detail as a type of changes which the animal body brings about and the most recent advances, especially in the important field of animal development are well presented.

GALLIO OR THE TYRANNY OF SCIENCE. By *J. W. Sullivan*. Dutton.

ARCHIMEDES OR THE FUTURE OF PHYSICS. By *L. L. Whyte*. Dutton.

NORTH AMERICA. By *Israel Russell*. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

A GUIDE TO THE CONSTELLATIONS. By *Samuel G Barton* and *William H. Barton*. McGraw-Hill. $2.50.

Travel

BRIMSTONE AND CHILI. By CARLETON BEALS. Knopf. 1927. $5.

It is a huge task to imprison in words the beauty and the filth, the fascination and repulsion, the fierce romance and cruel cynicism of the Mexican scene. Carleton Beals has attempted to do this before, both in his "Mexico, An Interpretation," and in his various shorter articles on Mexico. But he is essentially a workman rather than an artist. He builds laboriously, piece by piece, and there is accuracy and ample detail in what he builds; but he never quite catches the vitality, the throbbing ebb and flow of life and love—and hate—in that vivid country south of the Rio Grande.

In "Brimstone and Chili," Mr. Beals has again just barely fallen short of his ambitious goal. He has, however, given us this time, after a rather tedious start, a tale of adventure which is sometimes amusing, sometimes harrowing, and which occasionally even verges on the beautiful.

It is a record of the author's own experiences in making his way on foot and practically without money from San Francisco to Mexico City. The weakest point of the yarn is that the motive for undergoing the tortures of such a journey and of exposing one's self to the almost constant danger of death, either by starvation or slow murder by savage Indian tribes, is left vague and unconvincing.

As one gets into it, *however*, one feels a vague regret that it is not better told. For certainly, all motives aside, here is a tale worth telling. One doesn't stagger on bare and bleeding feet for days on end without food or water through scorching, cactus-infested desert, or watch breathlessly from ambush one's comrades of the road quietly surrounded by dreaded Yaquis and bound, the soles of their feet sliced off, then calmly and unemotionally battered to a horrible death in a setting of rich tropical beauty, without having something of interest to say to us sedentary stay-at-homes.

AN ASIAN ARCADY. By REGINALD LE MAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $6.

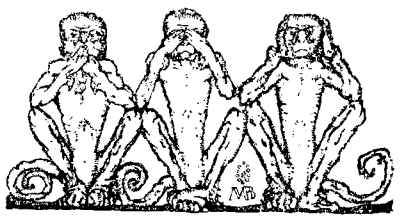
Northern Siam is so remote from the arteries of travel that it is rarely visited by travelers and so is almost completely untouched by the commercialism which is so rapidly transforming picturesque peoples into dull uniformity. Manners and customs here resemble those which the Tai races brought with them when conflicts with the Chinese forced them to migrate from Western and Southern China to Siam and Indo-China, where they destroyed the brilliant culture of the Mon-Khmer empire of Angkor.

The existing temple architecture, and still more that of the ruined, ancient cities, shows considerable artistic ability, bearing certain resemblances to that of Burma and Southern Siam, with, perhaps, some influence from that of the Khmers. The numerous, excellent photographs give an adequate idea of the land, even without the text.

Instead of writing a formal book on the land and its peoples, the author, a former British Consul and adviser to the Siamese Government, has attempted to give a sketch of them by a combination of accounts of his travels, with historical and social notes, seasoned with anecdotes and folklore. The result is not wholly satisfactory, but the author does succeed in giving a good impression of the districts in a readable manner. His comments on missionary activities, and the rice, cotton, and teak industries show that he is a keen and shrewd observer.

ROMANTIC JAVA. By *H. S. Banner*. Lippincott.

SAFARI. By *Martin Johnson*. Putnam. $5.



BOOK FAN HURRIES

Parks Car in Window

Is An Annual Event

Literary enthusiasm as fostered by National Book week and such is all right in its place, according to R. H. Edgerton, proprietor of the Fresno Book Shop, but when it carries a large size car right through the front of his store once a year regularly it isn't so good.

Failing to distinguish between the brake and the gas, J. A. D'Artenay, a Hanford rancher, yesterday drove his high-powered car right through the front window of the store, while trying to park it, making the second time in two years a car has gone over the top in Edgerton's store.

True, the other driver picked a different window, and he did it while cranking his car in gear, but the results were virtually the same, one very spry leap by Edgerton's assistant, one broken window, and a large number of damaged books, the damage this time being greater than before. D'Artenay, who personally conducted his rubberneck tour, was uninjured, none of the literature penetrating his frame.

Meanwhile, Edgerton is considering moving or building a stone balustrade to protect him from too ardent book lovers.

"There are," writes Robert Edgerton of Fresno, California, "more ways than one for customers to enter the shop, as you will be informed by the above clipping. What other commodity can you name that has such magnetic qualities as a book?"

The gentleman seems to have a simple but strong argument. We have never heard of a shoe stock or display of garden rakes which had such pulling power (as the advertising agencies phrase it) as the books in the Fresno Book Shop.

Of course all booksellers are more or less on a par in this respect. There has been no time in years, when, passing an A. B. A. member's shop, we have not felt ourselves irresistibly drawn through the door. Some people are more psychic than others.

What draws people to the book business itself? Mr. Edgerton, who was raised (he now calls it "brought up," but we'll wager it was "raised" in Muscatine) in Muscatine, Iowa, country made sacred by Mark Twain—and Ellis Parker Butler—spent years wandering from Iowa to Cuba, to San Francisco and Seattle, to Yosemite—"for a brief spell of homesteading"—before he found himself. Then he became a bookseller, but even *he* doesn't know why. One thing is certain: booksellers like their work more than any other group of people. Our "merchandise" is too interesting, our patrons too varied in character, and there are so many different things happening in connection with books that it is impossible to be bored. The same things that keep bookmen and women interested are probably those that attracted them in the first place.

But there are over a hundred million people in this country, and not all of them go into bookshops. That is a serious condition. Are you a resident of Fresno? Do you know Mr. Edgerton? Do your friends?

No matter where you live you are near some *good* bookseller and ought to be on friendly terms with him. So should your friends and acquaintances. After reading the *Saturday Review* and finding some new titles which you feel will interest you, pay a visit to your bookseller and talk them over with him. Ask him to put you on his mailing list and let you know when he has something that will interest you. That's what he's there for.

Ellis Parker Butler

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

American Booksellers Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

L. C. R., Long Island, is looking for books about cryptograms, codes, charts, or ciphers and their use in stories of mystery or crime detection, and would like the names of such stories in which distinctive types of cipher appear.

THE prize cipher is of course in Poe's "Gold Bug"; there is a fine one in the short story, "The Great Cipher," in Melville D. Post's "Monsieur Jonquelle" (Appleton). There is a curiously sinister cipher in the Sherlock Holmes story "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," an easy one makes a brief appearance in his "The Valley of Fear," and I seem to feel some others lurking in the back of my Sherlock memories. There is one in Anthony Wynne's "The Double Thirteen" (Lippincott), and R. Austin Freeman uses them in "The Blue Scarab" (Dodd, Mead), and "The Moabite Cipher" (Dodd, Mead). Ronald Knox plays with one in his brilliant "Viaduct Murder" (Simon & Shuster). I suppose Pepy's shorthand used in his diary might do for a cipher, and James Branch Cabell, whose mind runs in cryptograms, anagrams, and general mystifications, winds an ingenious puzzle about the talisman on the flyleaf of "The Cream of the Jest" (McBride). As for charts, every treasure story has one, just as a really proper murder mystery is illustrated with a map of the "spot where." But a book devoted exclusively to the use of cryptograms in literature I do not know.

E. F. G., New York City, asks for recent books dealing with modern trends in fiction, notably the "stream of consciousness" method of development.

ALTHOUGH the attitude of E. M. Forster, in "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace), is that we are all wrong in this chronological treatment of fiction-writing, and that between moderns and not-so-moderns there are fewer points of difference than critics seem to think, I suggest this book as a beginning of a study of these "modern trends." One sees, for example, that Virginia Woolf for all her proficiency in the "stream of consciousness" method is not so far from the technique of the author of "Tristram Shandy," and in other instances a parallel treatment does much to clear the field for a study of such differences as do remain to mark the modern. For, after all, even Mr. Forster, I take it, would be hard put to it to find a companion-piece to this new "Anna Livia Pluribelle" of James Joyce, at which a preliminary squint has left me gasping.

But Wyndham Lewis, I think, will know just what to do with it, having prepared a place already in his remarks on infantilism into which Joyce's extraordinary fantasia on the nursery word-game of "buried rivers" would fit most neatly. Lewis, in his "Time and Western Man" (Harcourt, Brace), has already set down an elaborate and detailed analysis of the mind and methods of Joyce as exhibited in "Ulysses," together with studies of Ezra Pound, Anita Loos, and Gertrude Stein, and a head-on collision with Whitehead—not, I hasten to reassure bridge addicts, with the author of "Auction Bridge Standards," but with the philosopher to whom we owe "Science and the Modern World." Altogether, "Time and Western Man" is a dazzling book, blinding by excess of light, furiously opinionated, and warming the heart to find anyone who fights so wholeheartedly over ideas.

But for a book devoted entirely to the exposition of methods of literary technique arising from the "new psychology" and other aspects of modern scientific and philosophic research, Edwin Muir's "Transition" "Viking" seems to me the best, and so it has seemed to not a few seekers after light to whom I have recommended it. It presents Joyce, Lawrence, Mrs. Woolf, Hudson—Stephen, not W. H.—Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, and Robert Graves, and has, to my knowledge, reconciled more than one middle-aged reader to living in the same world with them. The rapidity with which this is done is surprising: the few pages on Miss Sitwell, for example, go straight to the special powers and qualities of this poet in half the time it takes R. H. Megroz in his painstaking books "The Three Sitwells" (Doran).

R. S. S. Lebanon, Kan., and A. W. D., Jersey City, N. J., ask for advice in the choice of poetry written since 1900, one for a club paper, the other because he finds himself "confused with some of the poetry that has been recently published."

THIS reply fits neatly with the one just before it, but before reading what critics have to say about modern poetry in these books quoted, it is indispensable—though it is said that some do not find it so—to read plenty of the poetry itself. For a beginning, especially by a young reader, there is W. W. Ellsworth's "Readings from the New Poets" (Macmillan), selections that have been tested on great numbers of young people in audiences all over the map. The introduction brings out the striking truth that whereas we love, admire, or venerate poems written before our time, we are seldom inspired by them with the idea that we can ourselves write poetry, whereas the poems of our contemporaries are quite likely, if we are young, to kindle us to production. I can believe this the more readily because I remember the first Independent Show of paintings at the Arsenal—the one that went into history along with the Nude Descending a Staircase—and how it fired the determination of hundreds who had seen endless Academies unmoved with the conviction that if this was painting, they could do it themselves. Whether the results of such conviction were an asset or a liability to our art, I'm sure I don't know, nor whether the content of American poetry will be permanently improved by starting the high schools to mass-production, but certainly the writers will make a much better public for poetry than they would otherwise have made, and that's a great deal. Ever since 1919 I have been advising Marguerite Wilkinson's "New Voices" (Macmillan) to readers brought up on the "old" poetry and held away by loyalty or prejudice from the "new." Twice it has been revised and enlarged to meet popular demand and keep up with the march of the movement; the last time was just before the tragic death of Mrs. Wilkinson, the book coming from the press not long after it. By this time everyone knows that it is as much an anthology as a work of criticism. Two recent collections will interest the student, one the annual "American Poetry: a Miscellany," for 1927 (Harcourt, Brace), with 147 poems not published in any previous volume of the sixteen poets making their own selections from their works for this book. These are Leonie Adams, Conrad Aiken, W. R. Benét, Nataliia Crane, "H. D.," J. G. Fletcher, Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers, Kreymborg, Lindsay, MacLeish, Millay, Sandburg, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Louis Untermeyer, and Elinor Wylie. The other selection is made by L. A. G. Strong in "The Best Poems of 1927" (Dodd, Mead). This was done in Oxford, but includes American as well as English poets; for instance, Elinor Wylie's "Red Carpet for Shelley" is in both these collections, and so is Louis Untermeyer's "Burning Bush." The Strong collection is more likely to interest the conservative-minded reader, though for that matter some of the poems in the American book are conventional enough. I have not space to consider separate volumes, but as Donald Davidson does not appear in the collections just named, and as his "The Tall Men" (Houghton), is undoubtedly a volume to be taken into consideration, I suggest adding it to this list.

A. B. T., West Newton, Mass., crashes through the scholarship that I drew from the pages of the "Zig Zag Journeys" with better information about the "romance of Rodrigo."

"MAY I suggest," she says, "that the 'Rodrigo' asked for in the *Saturday Review* of Jan. 28 is not, in all probability, 'Mio Cid,' but Rodrigo the last of the Visigothic Kings, whose defeat by the Moors opened up the whole Spanish peninsula to that eager horde. The Spanish word for ballad is *romance*, and D. Rodrigo is the subject of many: Lockhart begins his 'Spanish Ballads' with translations of two of them, 'The Lamentations of Don Rodrigo' and 'The Penitence of Don Rodrigo.' Moreover, the story of his infatuation for the fair Florinda (and the spot where she was bathing when the king first saw her is still pointed out to the visitor to Toledo) and how his refusal to marry her so angered her father, Count Julian, that he sought revenge by inviting the Moors into Spain to drive the King from his throne, was just to the taste of the Romantic School of the early nineteenth century. I too enjoyed the 'Zig Zag Journeys,' although only through England and France, from my father's boyhood library. The only modern approximations I know of are 'John and Betty's English, Scotch, and Irish History Visits' which my younger sisters read eagerly. The English visit included the coronation of King George, and the date of the last one, the Irish, was 1914. The author is Margaret Williamson, and they were published by Lothrop & Shepherd."

(*Continued on next page*)

WORLD UNITY

A Monthly Magazine

Reflecting the new world outlook based upon current developments in Science, History, Philosophy, and Religion.

We stand at the dawn of a tremendous Renaissance which has already begun to transform racial and national habits and customs rooted in the traditions of thousands of years.

For the awakened mind there can be no more thrilling spectacle—no greater privilege—than to share the spirit and viewpoints of the leaders who have caught the vision of the New Age.

World Unity Magazine has become the most effective interpreter of the new forces at work in the most important departments of life. It is creating a new literature—a new culture—vastly stimulating to its international circle of readers.

WORLD UNITY, 4 East 12th Street, New York

I enclose $3.50 for a year's subscription (or send me a complimentary copy for examination).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Daisy—

Ambitious, bright, intellectual, but ever so conscious that she is "lower class".

—Daphne

Calm, bright, intellectual, taking for granted her heritage of being well born.

Daisy & Daphne

Sisters more different than sisters usually are, yet more akin than sisters, their strange relationship and their simultaneous love affair with Raymond Folyot make the story as genuine and exciting a surprise as was Potterism.

For Rose Macaulay has hit upon the most novel idea that has ever come from her wise and satirical pen, and *Daisy and Daphne* is destined to rank with Potterism, Told by An Idiot, etc.

DAISY and DAPHNE

Rose Macaulay's delightful new novel

SECOND LARGE EDITION BEFORE PUBLICATION

At all booksellers - - $2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

"A thrilling cross-section of American bravery." —*Washington Post.*

RANK AND FILE

True Stories of the World War

by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Illustrated by Capt. Thomason

$2.50 Scribners

We Publish and Market

BOOKS OF THE UNUSUAL KIND:

Those Having a Purpose

Estimates Furnished.

Catalogue Mailed On Request.

AVONDALE PRESS

1841 BROADWAY, New York City

Cash For Your Spare Time

Readers of *Saturday Review of Literature* are offered an exceptional opportunity to become associated with an organization that has been endorsed by leading editors, critics, writers and educators. It is a literary movement, national in scope, revolutionary in character, which during its first year has attracted 42,000 members.

A liberal commission arrangement enables our representatives to earn attractive incomes enrolling members in the Guild. Only a few appointments will be made in each locality. Write today to

Mr. Michael Shepard, Dept. S. R. 4

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.

55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One of the few important books on the war."—Brooklyn Eagle

REPUTATIONS:
TEN YEARS AFTER
By Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

"This book should cause a sensation and arouse vigorous controversy. It is attention arresting in its charges that Foch, Pershing and Haig failed completely to realize the change wrought in modern war by the machine gun and concentrated artillery fire and clung stubbornly and blindly to an antique faith in the rifle, the bayonet and 'shock action'."—*The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

CONTENTS:

MARSHAL JOFFRE—The Modern Delphic Oracle; ERICH VON FALKENHAYN—The Extravagance of Prudence; MARSHAL GALLIENI—The Real Victor of the Marne; HAIG OF BEMERSYDE—The Essence of Britain; FERDINAND FOCH—The Symbol of the Victorious Will; ERICH LUDENDORFF—The Robot Napoleon; PETAIN—Military Economist; ALLENBY OF MEGIDDO—The Evolution of a Leader; HUNTER LIGGETT—A Professor of War—and Human Nature; "BLACK JACK" PERSHING—The "100-Per-Cent American."

"An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication"
18 illustrations. $3.00 everywhere

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
Publishers, Boston

NEWS OF THE WORLD

Add a touch of the Old World to your Library Table

The continental periodicals carry an old world charm that is combined with the finest in literary and artistic touch. The prices indicated on the magazine below are for a year's subscription.

Punch	$9.00	Sphere	$17.00
Sketch	13.50	Spectator	9.00
Illustrated London News	$13.50		
Illustrated Sport and Dramatic News	17.00		
Blackwood's Magazine	9.00		
Connoisseur	7.50		
L'Illustration	16.00		
Figaro	13.00		
Le Rire	5.00		

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO.
131 VARICK STREET
NEW YORK CITY
Dept. X

A New Murder Mystery

The Dreadful Night

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS
$2.00

"Though read in broad daylight in the midst of a noisy society, the creeping dread of that horrifying night sent cold ripples up and down my usually tractable spine."
—*New York Evening Post*

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

I STAVED off one inquirer for a dictionary of all Romance languages with such information as I could furnish, but when another commission came on its heels, from *R. T. D., St. Paul, Minn., for an English dictionary with Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, and Italian synonyms,* I realized that real scholarship must be offered by this department, even if I had to get it from the Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress. This authority, W. A. Slade, tells me that "though attempts to outdo Babel by the production of polyglot dictionaries began centuries ago, I can find none, at least of modern date, that will lead the user from English through Latin and these other languages, giving the same words in all seven. Words in these tongues —and in four others—are to be found in the 1590 and 1598 editions of Ambrogio Calepino's 'Dictionarium.' With less polygluttony, there is the 'Quadruple Dictionarie' of John Barrett, 'containing four sundrie tongues, namelie, English, Latine, Greeke, and French,' printed in London in 1580. Some modern dictionaries, Mr. Slade tells me, that approximate these requirements, are Graham and Oliver's "Foreign Trader's Dictionary of Terms and Phrases in English, German, French, and Spanish" (Macmillan, importation); Jos. Kürschner's "Fünf-Sprachen-Lexikon (Deutsch-English-Französisch-Italienisch-Lateinisch)" published by Hillger, Berlin, 1900; "Technological Dictionary in the English, Spanish, German, and French Languages," Carlos Huelin y Arssu (Romo, Madrid, 1906); "Linguistic Guide in Thirty Foreign Languages," published in New York by the Linguistic Guide Co., 1892; a "Diccionario de Diccionarios," by Arturo Marriera y Colomer, Barcelona, 1917, in four volumes and eight tongues; Emile Poussié's "Manuel de Conversation en Trente Langues" (Paris, 1892), and Pitman's "Dictionary of Commercial Correspondence in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian" (Pitman, New York).

It is evident from Mr. Slade's letter that he is panting to tell the world about Antal Bernolak's "Slowak-Slowenski-Cesko-Latinsko-Nemecko-Uherski," and Sir Edward Belcher's "Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang during the Years 1843-46," which has a vocabulary in English, Spanish, Malay, Bisayan, Sooloo, Iloco, Batan, Cagayan, Tagala, Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. But strain enough has been put upon the composing-room: I can but thank the Chief Bibliographer for all this and assure the clients of this department that their needs will be met as long as the Government holds out.

JUST before William Rose Benét's broadside on detective fiction covered the front page of this review, a letter came from *R. H. T., Honolulu, Hawaii,* asking my advice on the stocking of a "five-foot shelf" of this sort. As it was so well answered by this and by the brief but beautiful list quoted not long after by Mr. Morley, I held back my impulse to rush into type with a list of my own. But I must tell the Hawaian pursuer of this intellectual diversion that when you get to the proper pitch of discrimination you put up with nothing but "dry" ones: no gummy love-interest, no sympathetic personalities—who cares for A and B after the cellar is dug?—nothing but a murder (no jewel robberies need apply), several alibis, true and false, and a squaretoed detective grubbing away on clues and finally getting his man. Freeman Wills Croft is the boy for me: I don't know who he is, but he certainly can make a proper detective story, and on the day one comes I work no more. See "Inspector French's Greatest Case" (Boni & Liveright). And I think Mr. Benét is all wrong on Fletcher: except for a very few at the beginning he has done nothing so good as "The Murder in the Pallant" (Knopf) for a long while; why, he used to ring in a completely unheard-of murderer on the last page, again and again, and that's the one unforgivable sin. I'd put in William Gillette's "Astounding Crime on Torrington Road" (Harper), even if it does make the victim too sympathetic, and if a detour into the mysteries not of crime detection but of motive and conduct of crime be permitted, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "The Story of Ivy" is out (Doubleday, Doran), and kept me reading through one horrid happy night, my eye glued to the page.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

BURTON (Richard F.) topped the field at the American Art Association sale on March 26, with $1,125 for the privately printed translation of "The Kasidah, A Lay of the Higher Law." The first issue of "Tom Jones" was a poor second at $540, with Pierce Egan's "Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic" close behind at $500. "Lamia" dropped at $400, and "Queen Mab" at $250. There was an interesting group of seven original water colors by Arthur Rackham, which ranged from $120 to $190.

Somebody picked up a bargain in a set of heraldic playing cards, on one sheet as printed, for $5, and someone else was landed with a set of the *Philistine* at $4, which was just double the price fetched by a presentation copy of a first edition of Margaret Fuller. A real bargain was a lot of four letters from Anatole France, at $40.

The youngest of the book-clubs, The LXIVmos, or sixty-four-mos, is a very lively infant. Its newssheet makes up for any disregard for typographic experience by a whole-hearted effort to be interesting to those for whom it is printed, and it has already brought out its first publication. This is a reprint from "The American Collector" of Wilbur Macey Stone's essay on "The Thumb Bible." This chubby little volume was nearly a hundred years old when its more popular American rival, The New England Primer, was born. For another century, the two were rivals for the favor of all good little children. What they did to it can be guessed from the fact that Mr. Stone has been able to find copies of only thirteen editions printed in America, dating from about 1760 to 1810. He has located nineteen copies of these editions, of which six are in his own collection. Four of them are at Harvard, three at the Boston Public Library, two in Dr. Rosenbach's collection of children's books, and one each at the American Antiquarian Society, the New York Public Library, the Rhode Island Historical Society, and in Mr. Welch's library.

IT will be a long time before American bibliographers approach the thoroughness or the comprehensive grasp of what their science can do to advance cultural studies of European workers. An example of what might be undertaken for English writers, is the "Bibliografia Espanyola d' Italia dels Origens de la Imprenta Fins a l'Ano 1900," by a Catalan gentleman Eduart Toda y Guell. This is a detailed description of books by Spanish authors, printed in Italy, in Spanish or Italian, with a liberal inclusion of doubtful titles which show Spanish influence upon Italian readers. The importance of this infiltration of Hispanic ideas is obvious, but here is the proof both of cause and effect. The first volume only has as yet appeared, but this gives 1412 titles of works by authors alphabetized under the first three letters. Mexico is far from equalling her mother country, but Vito Alessio Robles's "Bibliografia de Coahuila," a work of 450 pages, is vastly better than anything put out by any governmental agency in the United States for a very long time.

THE Yale Library Gazette announces in its current issue that its friends are turning their attention to the problem of providing the serious-minded students at New Haven with material which will enable them to go behind the biographies of great men and peruse the materials on which these biographies are based. Various gifts have already been received to this end. Mr. Otto Bannard has contributed thirty documents from the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson Croker, ranging in length from an eight-page letter to a scrap of thirty-five words, and including with three exceptions all the letters of any importance that have previously been published. These are described in a twelve-page article by Frederick A. Pottle.

The important Yale collection of Washington Irving material has been enriched by a folder of unusual newspaper clippings and by an unpublished autograph manuscript essay on Sir David Wilkie. Another acquisition is a newly discovered bundle of letters from the Swedish feminist and novelist, Fredrika Bremer. These are being edited for publication by Professor A. B. Benson.

Two booksellers, Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York and Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston, have contributed to Yale's collection of Association treasures. The former gave a volume in which one of the founders of New Haven, John Davenport, scribbled his name three times, and as one leaves through the pages of the volume the quaint English awakens pictures of the long-ago English schoolroom. Mr. Goodspeed's offering is a document signed by the great-grandfather of Elihu Yale. Two other similar documents have been purchased by the Yale library from an English bookseller.

"George Hermann," says the London Observer, "in Tränen um Modesta Zambon" (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart) has written one of those books steeped in love for Italy and the Italian landscape that Germans write with more heartfelt intensity than any other nation. Hermann, whose tale of old Berlin, 'Jettchen Gebert,' has become a classic, writes very slowly. But no other man can draw tears as easily from hard-headed readers when he chooses to be romantic instead of being realistic.

Announcement

The Spring Book Number
of *The Saturday Review*
of LITERATURE
will appear April 21, 1928

In addition to the regular departments and an unusually important group of interesting reviews the editor has arranged for a provocative essay, entitled
"THE ENGLISH"
By Count Hermann Keyserling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICE

AMERICANA

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Constitutionalist, His Letters, Papers, and Speeches. By Dunbar Rowland, State Historian of Mississippi. Limited, illustrated edition 10 vols., Octavo, cloth, new edition. No plates. Rare set soon. $75. Write to author, Jackson, Mississippi.

OVERLAND NARRATIVES, the Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscript and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

THERE IS, I have come to believe, pleasure to be obtained from collecting almost any class of things . . . though, personally, I have never quite grasped the attractions of bus-tickets or of the numbers of railway engines. *Iolo A. Williams* in *The Elements of Book Collecting.*

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS—MAGAZINES, Prompt Service. Prices Reasonable. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th Street, at Fourth Avenue.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

MOLL FLANDERS; DEFOE; EPISODES of Vathek, Beckford; A Year's Residence in America, Cobbett; Letters of Runnymede, Disraeli; Mardi, Herman Melville (two volumes); Plays of John Gay (two volumes); Poems of John Gay; Shorter Poems of Matthew Prior; Death's Duell, Dr. John Donne; Thoughts on Hunting, Peter Beckford; Memoirs of His Own Life, Sir James Melville. Beautiful Abbey Classic edition. Unabridged and unexpurgated. All new and perfect. Exquisitely printed and bound. While they last, only $1.50 each, or choice of four books $5.00 postpaid. Do not delay. Inclose check or money order. Congressional Bookshop, 231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

COLUMBIA BOOK SERVICE OFFERS: The only complete unexpurgated translations of these classics in low-priced editions, Boccaccio's Decameron, Heptameron, Urquhart's Rabelais, Balzac's Contes Drolatiques; Rousseau's Intimate Confessions; Massuccio's Droll Novelets; Mademoiselle Maupin Memoirs. For the special price, $2.00, each, Express Prepaid. These well-bound, attractive volumes would make a beautiful display in your bookcase. Try one! Do you know that we allow a 15% reduction on all the latest books? Yes! And they'll be sent postpaid. Columbia Book Service, 144 W. 23rd St., New York.

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS; Golden Asse of Apuleius. Beautiful Blue Classic edition. Unabridged and unexpurgated; $2.50 each, or both for only $4.00 postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, 231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

SULAMITH, BY ALEXANDRE Kuprin. Romance of Antiquity, limited edition, with eight full-page colored illustrations, boxed, 00. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Ave- New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

TEMPORARY OFFER: Balzac's Physiology of Marriage, silk cloth and boards, size 9½ by 7 inches, gold top, gold stamped, privately printed (new $7.50 edition), $3.60, express prepaid. Satyricon of Petronius, Apuleius, Golden Asse ($2.50 edition), $1.25. Antique Greek Dance, 600 illustrations, $2.25. Madame Bovary, Mlle. de Maupin, Lady With The Camillias, three books in one volume, illustrated, flexible craft binding, $2.70. Other unexpurgated translations at drastic reductions. 20% off on latest books. Renaissance Book Company (Room 6), 131 West 23rd Street, New York.

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS, translation by W. C. Firebaugh; Il Pentamerone translated by Sir Richard Burton; Dialogues of Plato; Travels of Marco Polo; Tristram Shandy, Sentimental Journey by Lawrence Sterne; Complete Poems of Villon; Golden Ass of Apuleius; and others $3.50 each. Send for Catalogue, Gerhardt, 17 West 44th.

NOTHING BUT BARGAINS! Clearance of volumes from our rental library of rare, curious books. Louys' King Pausole—$9.00; Durant's Story of Philosophy—$3.00; Collins' Doctor Looks at Love—$1.50; Machen first edition Far Off Things—$2.75. All in excellent condition. Write for free list. Gordon Cooke, 3201 Glynn Court, Detroit.

UNEXPURGATED CLASSICS Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin, Rabelais, Boccaccio, Heptameron, Balzac's Droll Stories, $3.25 each. Attractive Bindings. Parnassus Bookshop, 10 Bible House, N. Y.

CASANOVA, ADVENTURER AND Lover. By Joseph Leyras. Illustrated $5.00 postpaid. All new books supplied. *Libraries and single volumes purchased.* Furman, 363 W. 51st Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

BOOK PLATES

BOOKPLATES BY PRITKIN. Individual, distinctive designs. Send for Reproductions of my work. 1254 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

OUT-OF-PRINT, RARE BOOKS wanted by dealers and collectors are likely to be discovered and may be purchased from the thousands of Saturday Review readers by advertising in Counter Attractions. For rates see last column.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars free. Write: Contacts, Box 263-S, Manorville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

NEW, ATTRACTIVE CATALOGUE OF Autographs, Americana, First Editions, Fine Presses, Art and Architecture, Rare, Old and Unusual Books, General Literature, in fine condition and reasonably priced. Just published and mailed free on request. A visit to our attractive shop, with its large and richly varied stock of desirable books at reasonable prices, is a pleasant experience to all book lovers. Dauber & Pine Book Shops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Phones, Algonquin 7880-7881.

ANOTHER ACCUSATION often brought against the book collector is that he worships blindly the first edition. . . . Books, as I have said, are the written records of the progress of man's knowledge and wisdom; and to appraise the importance of any particular record, that is to say, of any particular printed volume, it is necessary to consider it as a court of law considers evidence. Now in a court of law only first-hand evidence is accepted and a first edition corresponds almost exactly to first hand evidence. *Iolo A. Williams* in *The Elements of Book-Collecting.*

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

FIRST EDITIONS

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will send on request catalogues of modern first editions and private press books and is always willing to search for special items.

ARROWSMITH, Sinclair Lewis, Limited Edition, autographed ($15.00), $6.50. Songs of Sappho, Limited Edition ($20), $10.50. Goethe by Brandes, 2 vol. ($10.00), $5.50. Manhattan Book Shop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FOR SALE: THORNTON WILDER'S Bridge of San Luis Rey. 1st Edition, good condition. Make offer. E. W. Heffenreffer, Hanover, New Hampshire.

FIRST EDITIONS, RARE BOOKS, American and English. The 1866 large paper Longfellow limited 100 sets. Ask list authors desired. Expert service. Magazine research. A. J. Harmon, 221 Fairview Avenue, Westwood, N. J.

. . . A FIRST EDITION has not only a real and logical importance, but a sentimental value also. Some folk, I know, are unable to feel this sentiment and they, because of that inability, can never taste to the full the pleasure of book-collecting. *Iolo A. Williams* in *The Elements of Book Collecting.*

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, BY Thornton Wilder. Scarce first edition, perfect state, autographed by the author. For sale by A. P. Wallace, 221 West 251st Street, N. Y.

GENEALOGY

GENEALOGY—AMERICANA. New catalogue. Free on Request. Schulte's Book Store, Inc., 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street), New York City.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway); French books and magazines exclusively; large selections conveniently displayed and priced; lists issued.

GENERAL

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired. Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. At last, candor by correspondence. The Director, these many years a figure in the publishing world, tells what an editor would think, but would not trouble to say about a manuscript. Every criticism hand-painted. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS, ETC., CAREFULLY copied by experienced lady typist, 50 cents per 1,000 words. Meyer, 60 West 125th St., New York. Tel. Harlem 3024.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

FREE TO WRITERS. The Plotweaver, a monthly magazine. Contains valuable and interesting information to writers of magazine and photoplay stories. Subscription, $2.50 per annum. Free sample copy. *The Plotweaver,* Drawer WS, Hollywood, California.

IN SPITE OF FOLLY, vulgarity and extravagance, the collecting of books is a pursuit for sane people. Its heart is sound and its very blood is the record of man's achievement in the conquest of knowledge. The book collector's duty is to see that his recreation . . . if it is merely that . . . is a step further in the progress of that conquest. *Iolo A. Williams in The Elements of Book Collecting.*

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO US. We will market them if anyone can. If we cannot, will give reasons and suggestions. Literary Adviser, P. O. Box 177, Williamsburg, Virginia.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TYPING AND COPYING of Manuscripts, etc., neatly executed. Particulars free. A. N. Shlenker, 2015 State Street, New Orleans, La.

SERVICES OF YOUNG WRITER, business experience, available after eight evening. Box 14, SATURDAY REVIEW.

MARINE BOOKS

SHIP MODEL BUILDING—Slave Ships—Whale Ships—Voyages. Fully illustrated circulars of all our publications free. Marine Research Society, Dept. S., Salem, Massachusetts.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

PHILOSOPHY

STUDENT (AMERICAN, AGE 26) long absorbed in Plato and Kant, requests that those interested in readings in philosophy and synthetic psychology address him for circular on a new American treatment of these subjects. Alexander Bunnell, 2477 Cheremoya Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

RARE BOOKS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A national institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints, and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168: Rare Americana (309 pp., illustrated, price 50c.). No. 169: Autographs—free. Nos. 170 and 173: First Editions and Other Rare Books—free. No. 171: Genealogy—price 10c. No. 172: General Americana—free. Print Catalogue, No. 5, Napoleonic—free. When in Boston, browse in Goodspeed's, Nos. 7 and 9A Ashburton Place. Branch Shops at No. 5A Park St., No. 2 Milk St.

WE HAVE AN UNIQUE COLLECTION of New, Old and Rare Books. Watch this space for remarkable items. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

RATES FOR THIS SECTION: FOR 20 or more consecutive insertions 5 cents a word. For a less number of insertions 7 cents a word. Copy must be in 10 days before publication. Dept. V O., 25 West 45th Street, Room 807, New York.

GOOD BOOK DESIGN has almost no bearing on expense of manufacture. The artist in bookmaking, if he have his feet on the ground and is not merely a dilettante, can take almost a barbarity in the form of a book and make out of it a good volume at no increase in cost. *Douglas McMurtrie* in *The Golden Book.*

STORIES WANTED

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTNAM BOOKS

By the author of "Enchanted Aisles"

Going to Pieces

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A delightful collection of essays on the drama and its people by one of the foremost critics of the theatre in America, written with charm, irony and humor. Among the subjects are: "The New Sin in the Theatre," "The Plays That Were Never Written" and many others. $2.50

The Stranger at the Feast

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

The story of a "beloved quartet" consisting of a mother, two husbands and a child who live together in perfect understanding. But puritanical parents arrive and spoil the harmony of this unusual group. $2.00

Presidential Years

By MEADE MINNIGERODE

From the *Singing Whigs* to the *Black Republicans*, we have here the whole exciting story of the birth and political growth of the United States, set against a background of fife and drum, high hats, torches and constant parading.

"Mr. Minnigerode has the talent for catching the essence of a dead age in a few graceful sentences."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Illustrated $3.50

For Sale at all Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have been glad to see *Vincent Starrett's* "Seaports in the Moon" getting such good notices. We have not yet read this fantastic work ourselves, but we have always had a liking for Vincent Starrett's verses. Once he drew a lyrical portrait of himself, of which his publishers recently reminded us. Here is the picture—but they say that since seeing "The Miracle" he has thrown away his glasses.

A slightly Jewish, somewhat Spanish visage.
Nose nearly Roman, hairless lip and jowl,
And shaggy thatch: eyes that incline to prowl
Behind horn spectacles, in gentle quizzage.
Tall, but of proudly curving appetite;
Garments that hang like some grotesque conceit:
Abstracted manner, save when inward heat
Gives off in steam of talk, late in the night.
Kindly indeed, except when roused to rages,
Soothed by tobacco and by skilful cooks;
Fond of the gallant company of books,
And villains of all languages and ages.
Withal, a decent chap, who likes the ladies
And daily paves a goodish stretch of Hades.

We made a slight error recently in stating that the Verse Class of *Mary Carolyn Davies* met at her home; it meets every Friday at eight P. M. at the Hotel Gonfarone, corner West 8th and MacDougal Streets. For further information address Mary Carolyn Davies, 58 West 8th Street. . . .

Lord Dunsany will address the Century Forum on "The Arts and Life," on the evening of April 17th. The lecture will be deliverered at the Community Church. . . .

John Gould Fletcher's poem, "The Black Rock," addressed to *Thomas Hardy*, was originally printed in the *Yale Review* for July, 1920. It was dedicated to Hardy with his consent. It is an extraordinary tribute and one of Fletcher's best poems. In the April *Yale Review* of the present year it is reprinted in memory of the master. . . .

Willett, Clark & Colby, publishers at 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, believe very strongly in a recent novel published by them. This is "Shoddy," by *Dan Brummitt*. We have not yet seen the book, but the publishers think it has distinct qualities of greatness. . . .

A new poem by *Percy Mackaye*, which Longmans, Green and Company are bringing out in May, is queerly entitled "The Gobbler of God." But the queerness of the title is somewhat lessened when one realizes that the poem concerns the Kentucky Mountains and that its most dramatic moment centers upon a conclave of wild turkeys. Mackaye has preserved a fascinated interest for the folk of the Kentucky Mountains for some time. The speech and legendry of the mountaineers has furnished him with unusual material. His "Kentucky Mountain Fantasies" are also published by Longmans, and are subtitled "Three Short Plays for an Appalachian Theatre." Both these and "The Gobbler of God" are illustrated by his highly talented daughter, Arvia Mackaye. . . .

The character of King David in the Bible continues to provoke the pens of many writers. *Elmer Davis* has now written his own story of David which *Collier's Weekly* is to serialize, probably beginning in August. The John Day Company will publish it in book form, sometime along in next November. . . .

It certainly is an amazing phenomenon, the fact that reminiscences written by candle-light on scraps of paper, bill-heads and envelopes in a Johannesburg lodging-house should eventually have become a book that has been averaging the author and his editor (American sales alone) over two thousand dollars a week in royalties. During the day, *Trader Horn*, whom we have recently had the privilege to see in the flesh, hawked aluminum ware. He sold the South African novelist, *Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis*, a gridiron she didn't need, gave her a recipe for oat-cakes, and thus the collaboration began. Old stuff, but still astounding! . . .

We have been meaning to acknowledge a long and amusing letter written us back in February by *Father Will Whalen* of the Old Jesuit Mission, Orrtanna, Adams County, Pennsylvania. His letter is too long to quote. In one year *ten* novels by him appeared,—but the reason was that he had written them at different times and they had been lying in his trunk for years. He says that right now he has seven full-length plays "ketching dust in the garret." . . .

The more we don't hear much about it the more we wonder that *Marcus Cheke's* "Papilée" hasn't had more praise. To us it has proved one of the gayest and most brightly colored entertainments of the lingering winter, a capital trifle! . . .

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., whose "Coriolanus" has just been published in the well-known Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, made a decided "find" recently when he discovered in a dusty storeroom of the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, a diary of *Junius Brutus Booth*, father of *Edwin Booth* and himself a Shakesperian actor of note. The diary was written when the elder Booth was a young man. In the basket of old papers Dr. Furness discovered a playbill announcing the elder Booth's appearance in the Walnut Street Theatre in "Richard III," and a letter written by a patroness of Convent Garden, New York, introducing him to managers there and, in this way, starting him on his way to fame.

. . .

We wish to acknowledge—and the acknowledgements are long overdue—the communication from *C. A. MacPherson*, of 28 Gould Avenue, Newark, N. J., concerning the old "Literary Chat" in a *Munsey's Magazine* of some twenty-seven years ago, —the letter from *C. S. Schneider*, of Springfield, Ohio, relating what he finds the modern parent is up against,—several poems of *Sylvia Satan's* that we are still holding,—a poem by E. M. S.,—and poems by *Florence Reeves* of Montclair. We may be able to use some of these poems sometime soon. We hope to. . . .

J. Newell Green of Hartford, Connecticut, mentioned to us lang syne an interesting epitaph he had come across in an isolated cemetery discovered on a back road running from Amherst to Belchertown. It reads:

Think, my friends, when this you see
How my wife has dealt with me.
She in some oysters did prepare,
Some poison for my lot and share.
Then of the same I did partake
And nature yielded to its fate.
Before she my wife became
Mary Felton was her name.

That is certainly startling enough! . . .

In a recent *Publishers' Weekly* we chanced upon the following inspired rendering of the old Bible story by *Horace Liveright*, President of Boni & Liveright:

You all remember that once upon a time the Creator was walking in the garden in the cool of the day and Adam and his wife hid themselves among the trees and the bushes, whereupon the Creator called upon Adam and said in effect, "Where art thou?—come out of the bushes." But Adam was afraid because he was naked.

For two of the latest volumes of The Modern Library, *Herbert Gorman* has written the introduction for *Joyce's* "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and *Vincent Starrett*, one for his own selection of "Fourteen Great Detective Stories." This is evidently Starrett Day in the *Nest*, for we perceive that we begin and end with *him*. Incidentally, the man has written detective stories himself, on and off for years. . . .

But maybe we'd better end with our own word about *Samuel Hoffenstein's* "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing." Such a fanfare as has greeted it! Well, we don't think it's quite as good as all that. We could have done with the volume cut considerably. The verses we still like best are those that give their title to the book. But there is a decided flash of real poetry about the specific numbers that Hoffenstein wanted to make real poetry. As a jester he has a lot of cleverness; yet hardly more, it seems to us, than a number of others. Still, his Yidiom is often excellent; and there is the iron taste of despair in a number of apparently "kidding" lines. Here a soul may certainly be discerned, even when the body in which it resides is bitterly clowning. . . .

So saying, he walked rapidly down the street on his hands and was almost immediately lost in the crowd. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

To the ranks of the inner shrine of columnists, ESSANDESS welcomes THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA, whose first effort appears in *The Atlantic Bookshelf* this month, under the heading: *From the Back Yard of* DOUBLECOURT *and* LITTLEBRIDE, *Word Magnates, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Inner Sanctum not only hails *The Back Yard* as blood-brother to the wise-crack, but also helps himself to the following samples:

A meeting of publishers who are actively anxious to bring out THORNTON WILDER'S *next book is scheduled for next week at Madison Square Garden.*

A leading publisher famous for his high hat and his low royalties will shortly release an anthology of Scotch jokes. His sales manager will introduce the item to the book trade by throwing a box party at THE LADDER.

GENE TUNNEY *helped the trade enormously by carrying a book into his training camp. Imagine what will happen when he begins upper-cutting the pages.*

The Inner Sanctum is planting 2000 pine trees out in Long Island this spring (literally)—that is the least we can do after ordering five carloads of paper (also literally) for the next printings of *Trader Horn.*

A publisher's idea of Paradise is a book steadily averaging 750 copies a week in its second year.

That was the status of *Trader Horn* before ALFRED ALOYSIUS came to America.

A week after his arrival the sales more than tripled.

The week after that this new total of 2500 copies *was itself tripled*—the weekly sales chart reaching a new 1928 "high" of 7500 copies *—or more than ten times the previous average.*

The result has been attained despite *The Inner Sanctum's* policy of safeguarding TRADER HORN'S strength and comfort at all costs—a policy which has left a trail of broken-hearted press-agents, impresarios, and "tie-up" virtuosi all over America.

A picked platoon of Nubian head-hunters, equipped with African spears and jungle assegais, has been protecting TRADER HORN night and day from a horde of souvenir-chasers, autograph-hunters, contract-flashers, night-club operators, and other purloiners of reflected glory.

WILL DURANT and ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN met for the first time in *The Inner Sanctum.*

Adventurers both, we had called them in our advertisements, featuring *The Story of Philosophy* and *Trader Horn* side by side, and the kinship proved even more sympathetic than we had predicted.

Philosophers both, convivials both, they were soon calling each other "Willie" and "Zambesi."

To join *The Friendly Sons of Trader Horn* it is not even necessary to own the book. Nor must you peddle gridirons or capture gorillas or collect rogue elephants or rescue auburn-haired goddesses from the jungle. Those qualifications will help but the cardinal requirement is the spontaneous and persistent use of the word *convivial* as a noun. *Aye, 'tis a word that gets to the core, like Beethoven.*

ESSANDESS

Are You Happy?

HAPPINESS

By Wm. Lyon Phelps

11TH LARGE EDITION
$1.00

"This small tome is a priceless tonic worth far more than the single dollar which buys it."—*Robertus Love, St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED